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HERE'S AUDACITY



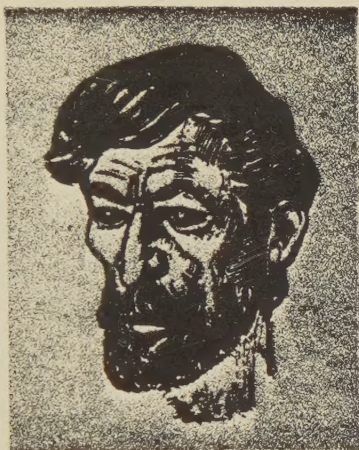
KEMP MORGAN CROSSES TEXAS

HERE'S AUDACITY!

American Legendary Heroes

by Frank Shay

With Illustrations by Eben Given



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INTRODUCTION

LEGENDS of heroes of superhuman strength are as old as the imagination of man. Every race and every age has had its heroes, giants who achieve the humanly improbable. There was Atlas, King of Mauritania, who was supposed to support the world on his shoulders. The Greeks created the Titans, a family of giants, and the Cyclops, three giants who had but one eye and that in the center of their foreheads. From the Hebrews we derived Samson and Goliath, and in later periods we learned of the heroes of the Gauls, the Celts and the Vikings. For the greater part these heroes were warriors and avengers. Each folk creates its giants in its own image and endows them with powers greater than its own.

All these races created legends of one or more superman. We are an industrial nation, therefore our heroes are audacious industrialists. In the North and

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northwest the hero is Paul Bunyan, the lumberjack. In West Virginia he is again a lumberjack, but his name is Tony Beaver. In the southwest he becomes a cowboy and changes his name to Pecos Bill. In Virginia he is a Negro, a steel-driving man, John Henry, by name. In the oil fields of Texas and Oklahoma he is a rotary well-digger, and calls himself Kemp Morgan. On the railroads he becomes a mighty engineer and has won fame as Casey Jones. In the old windjammers he is still the same mighty superman, but his alias is Old Stormalong.

Two others, Kwasind, sometimes known as Hia-watha or Maushope, depending upon the tribe cherishing the legend, and Strap Buckner, do not fit in with our immediate scheme. Were it not for the fact that the legend of the Indian Hercules thrived long before the arrival of the whites it might be called a localization of the Samson legend. Samson's strength and weakness were in his hair and Kwasind's were in his crown. Strap Buckner joins the great army of avengers. He will be likened to Angoulaffre, the giant Saracen, who had the strength of thirty men and whose cudgel was the solid trunk of an oak tree. The Tower of Pisa lost its perpendicularity by the weight of this giant leaning against it.

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In the story of Paul Bunyan we meet Jim Liverpool, the riverman, who could jump across a river and back without touching land. In Jim, with his English name, we have an adaptation of the legend of Belle, the giant Briton, who was famous for his three leaps. He mounted his sorrel horse at a place that is now known as Sorrel, he leaped one mile to a place known as Wanlip (one leap), thence he leaped a second mile, but in doing so burst all his girths, whence the spot was called Burstall; and in the third leap was killed and the spot where he was buried christened Bellgrave. Some may compare Slue Foot Sue, the bouncing bride of Pecos Bill, to *Berthe au grand-pied* but *Berthe* was club-footed while Sue's feet turned in.

Possibly the French-Canadians brought Gargantua and Pantagruel to the north woods and bartered them for the tall tales of Jotun and Senjemand of the Swedes and Norwegians while a lonesome German interrupted them with tales of Teutobochus. Mr. James Stevens may trace Paul Bunyan back to Paul Bunyon, a soldier with Papineau in the rebellion of 1837. But these heroes, as they stand before us to-day, are as American as the Mississippi River. They represent the aspirations of many thousands of American workers in the outposts of industry. Our

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Paul Bunyan was born and still thrives in the lumber camps of the northern woods. Pecos Bill's birth-place was a range-rider's shanty on the Pecos River. Kemp Morgan calls a slush pit in the oil fields his home and John Henry is still remembered by the Negro work gangs in the South.

Their achievements are exaggerations. Their sagas are tales of the impossible. They are as American as our national weakness for boasting. They are, after all, ourselves as we might wish to be. Perhaps the industrial greatness of our country may be traced to this very weakness. If, as Oscar Wilde claims, life is constantly imitating art, this conclusion is not too far-fetched.

The stories that go to make up this volume are, for the greater part, a series of anecdotes welded together to give them continuity. A true bunkhouse story begins with one who will very likely refer to Paul Bunyan's cook-house and the quality of food served there. Another will chime in with: "Time I was with Paul up in the Big Onion country—" and they are off. The cares and weariness of the day are forgotten, imagination is given full play and credulity is strained far beyond the breaking point. The scene may be repeated around a stove in a West Virginia store but the hero will be Tony Beaver and a tall

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tale will be passed over with the phrase that "that must be up Eel River." And, with the slightest variations the same exaggerated tale will be told in the forecastle of a ship or in a range-rider's shack in the cow country.

Naturally the itinerant worker tends to break down the individuality of each hero. From the logging camps of the North he will journey to the oil fields of Texas. He hears of Kemp Morgan and his mighty deeds and insists that it is Paul Bunyan who accomplishes such doughty feats. The viridity of the Bunyan legend has so choked out the other heroes that today not one in a hundred old-time cowboys ever heard of Pecos Bill: yet the lowliest buckaroo in the cow country knows of Paul Bunyan and even sailors at sea have told of the nautical feats of the stout logger.

George Moore when he insists that speedy modern travel will eventually break down all local culture is more than partially right. While men stuck to their trades these heroes thrived and maintained their individuality. It has been the task of the writer to re-establish each hero in his own environment; to keep him within his own province. This has been quite difficult because the derrick Kemp Morgan built, the masts on Stormalong's ship and the tree grown for

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Paul Bunyan in Louisiana, were all so tall they had to be equipped with hinges so that the sun and the moon could pass.

Pantagruel was not the last of the giants. These heroes of ours have but little in common with their forebears: they are of giant stature and their achievements are the aspirations of their creators. In every other respect they are ours. For all that, they are the direct descendants of Hurtali who was too large to enter the Ark and had to ride straddle-legged on the roof so that the race of giants might be perpetuated.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I AM most deeply indebted to Mr. J. Frank Dobie and my fellow members of the Texas Folk-Lore Society. Their letters and publications have been of inestimable assistance in writing of these heroes. They, collectively, are responsible for my meeting Strap Buckner, Kemp Morgan and the White Steed of the Prairies. To Mr. Edward O'Reilly must go the credit for introducing me to Pecos Bill and to Lieut. Richard M. Gaw, U. S. A., for improving my acquaintance with the same character. Miss Margaret Prescott Montague, through her development of the Tony Beaver legend, has made all America her debtor. My acquaintance with Paul Bunyan began in a lumber-camp in the Canadian Rockies in 1913 and since then many friends and writers have added to it. The chapter on Strap Buckner has been practically lifted with but slight editorial revision from

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

the work of N. A. Taylor. The legends of Old Storm-along, John Henry and the White Steed of the Prairies are made up of scattered anecdotes and the stories told in ballads relating to them.

F. S.

OLD STORMALONG



OLD STORMALONG

OLD STORMALONG

THE DEEP - WATER SAILORMAN

I

CERTAINLY, I 'member Old Stormalong," said the oldest skipper on Cape Cod. "I was a 'prentice fust on his ship and later on I was Second when he was bosun on the *Courser*, out o' Boston. *That* was a ship, a wooden ship with iron men on her decks, a ship that aint been eekaled by these hoity-toity steam-boats. No, sir, an' never will. Donald McKay built that ship just because he found one sailorman who could handle her as she should be handled. But, you're aimin' to hear about a sailorman an' not about ships.

"Only t'other day a young whippersnapper was a-telling me about Stormie sayin' as how he was fourteen fathoms tall. I've heared other tales about

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his height. I know! He was jes' four fathoms from the deck to the bridge of his nose.

"He was the first sailorman to have the letters 'A.B.' after his name. Those were jes' his 'nitals, put after his name on the ship's log just the same as always. Alfred Bulltop Stormalong was the name he gave his first skipper. The old man looked him over and says:

" 'A.B.S. Able-Bodied Sailor. By your size and strength they should measure the talents of all other seamen.'

"It makes me pretee mad when I see some of the hornswogglers of today with these letters after their names. They are only feeble imitators o' the greatest o' all deep-water sailormen.

"You landsmen know very little about real sailormen, that is, blue-water sailors. This chap Stormalong was not only a sailorman for all waters, he was a whaler too. I mind the time we was anchored in the middle of the North 'Lantic finishin' off a right whale. The lookout sights a school off to the east'ard and Stormie, the bosun, gives the order to h'ist the mudhook. All hands for'ard but not a h'ist. The hook 'ud give a bit and then it 'ud sink right back into the mud. Seemed to be hands clutchin' it and draggin' it out o' our hands. Once we got it clear o'

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the bottom and almost shipped it when we seed what was wrong. Nothin' short of an octopus was wropped all 'round that mudhook. He was holdin' the anchor with half of his tentacles and with the other half hangin' on to the seaweed on the bottom.

"The mate yelled 'vast heavin'' and went back to tell the skipper. When the old man came for'ard to see for himself he was just in time to see Stormie go overboard with his sheath knife in his teeth. He went below the su'face and there began a terrific struggle. The water was churned and splashed about so that old hooker jes' rolled about like she was beam to the wind. All of us was sure our bosun had been tore 'part by the octopus. The struggle went on for about a quarter of an hour when Stormie's head came to the su'face. Some one called out to throw him a line but before one could be brought he had grabbed the anchor chain and came hand over hand to the deck. The strugglin' in the water kept on for a while but moved away from the ship.

"'All right,' yelled Stormie, 'all hands lean on it and bring it home.'

"After the anchor was shipped I asked him what he had done to the octopus.

"'Jes' tied his arms in knots. Double Carrick

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bends. It'll take him a month o' Sundays to untie them.'

"There was one peculiar thing about Stormalong that was due to his size. He was as loyal to his ship as any sailorman until he saw a bigger one. Then he'd get peevish an' sullen until he had signed aboard the bigger ship. His biggest complaint was that ships weren't built big enough for a full sized man.

"Well, the ship we were on at that time was *Lady of the Sea*, finest and fastest of the tea packets. Even that didn't satisfy him. He wanted a bigger ship or he'd go farmin'. Once he said to us as we sat 'round the forebitt:

" 'When this hooker gets to port I'm goin' to put an oar over my shoulder and I'm goin' to start walkin' 'way from salt water. I'm goin' to keep right on walkin' until some hairlegger says to me, "What's that funny stick you have on your shoulder, matey?" an' right there I'm goin' to settle down and dig potatoes.'

" 'Yes,' said the Third-in-Command, skeptically, 'What potatoes are you goin' to dig?'

" 'Regular and proper spuds, fresh ones, not like the dead potatoes you get on this hooker,' said the Sailor Who Was Tired of the Sea.

" 'Got to plant them first,' said the Third. 'Then

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you got to hoe them, pick the bugs off'n them, spray them, hoe them some more. You got to irrigate them, too. Best irrigater for potatoes is the sweat off'n your brow. Just dig so hard and fast that the sweat rolls down along your nose and drops on the plant. Much harder 'n holystoning the deck which, by the way, you'll begin on jus' as soon as you turn to in the mornin'.'

"'Nothin' can be as hard as holystoning a deck,' observed Stormie.

"'Compared with sailing,' I cuts in, 'farmin' comes under the headin' of hard labor. The best part o' farmin', I'll admit, is that all the hard work comes in fine weather while with sailarin' it's jes' t'other way 'bout.'

"For the rest of that trip Stormalong was moody and preoccupied. He had been on the ship for over a year, a very long time for him, without seeing a bigger ship. When the ship hit Boston Stormie signed off. He came on deck with his duffel bag over his shoulder.

"'Where you goin'?' I asks him.

"'Farmin',' says he.

"Then he heaves the bag over the rail and follows it to the wharf. The crew of the *Lady of the Sea* just stood along the rail and gaped.

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"Several years later when we were again lined against the wharf at Boston a big, tall man was seen coming down the wharf.

" 'Stormie, or I'm a fool,' says I to myself.

"The big man came over the side and sure enough it was Alfred Bulltop Stormalong. There was a change immediately apparent. He was taller than ever but the flesh hung in dewlaps all over him and his eyes showed the marks of great suffering. Too, he looked hungrily at the sea. He breathed deep breaths of the salt air and in a few minutes seemed to regain some of his old spirit.

" 'Stormie, where 'a' you been?' I asks him.

" 'Farmin',' says he.

" 'How'd you like it?' I goes on.

" 'Terrible,' says he. 'Nothin' but green grass an' trees an' hills an' hot work. Nary a breeze or the smell o' the sea. Never a storm to make a man pull out all the best that's in him. Nothin' but zephyrs an' a hot sun an' pushin' on a plow. All my muscles were made for pullin' an' on a farm there's nothin' to do but push. Sailorin's the best job after all.'

"He signed on for his old job of boatswain and after taking on water we got under way. We cruised

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about the Caribbean Sea taking on and discharging shipments for over six months. Then we made for Boston Harbor.

"Stormie was a loyal sailor until he saw a bigger ship and the *Lady of the Sea* was the biggest ship sailing the Atlantic. At least we thought she was but just before we got to Barnegat we came across what first appeared to be a mirage. She was just the biggest ship ever built and I heard the skipper say to the mate that she was Donald McKay's dream come to life. Her lines were perfect, her cloth pure white and hung on silver masts. She rolled lazily on a sea that made us bump about like a cork. I saw Stormie at the rail gazing in goggle-eyed admiration.

" 'Must take a million ordinary sailors to man her,' he gasped. 'Yes, sir! One million at the least. Well, I guess I'll be leavin' this packet.'

"The next mornin' we were without a bosun. The best explanation we could give was that during the night he had gone over the side and swum to the big ship. For a second time Stormalong had gone out of my life.

"After the *Lady of the Sea* discharged her cargo in Boston we got word that they were signing on a crew for a new ship, the *Courser*. I applied for a place as second mate and was signed on. We were told to

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report to a ship at the end of the wharf that was acting as a tender for the *Courser* which was too big to enter Boston Harbor.

"The next morning we boarded the tender and were taken out to the *Courser*. She was none other than the big ship we had seen from the *Lady of the Sea*, the ship that Stormie had gone over the side for. She looked like a ship that might have been built for a race of men of Stormalong's stature. The first thing that caught my eye as my feet hit the deck was a stableful of horses.

" 'Horse boat, huh!' I said.

" 'Horse boat nothin',' said the man in charge of the tender. 'Those horses are for the men on watch.'

"Believe it or not. That ship was so big that all officers and men on watch were mounted on horses. Manalive, her rigging was so immense that no living man could take her in at a single glance. Her masts penetrated the clouds and the top sections were on hinges so they could be bent over to let the sun and moon pass. Her sails were so big that the builders had to take all the able-bodied sailmakers out in the Sahara Desert to find room to sew them. Young men who were sent aloft usually came down as gray-beards. The skipper had to order all hands aloft six days before a storm. Every yard and every block and



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tackle had bunkhouses and cooks' galleys built into them to accommodate the men who worked aloft. She carried over six hundred men and some of the sailormen never saw all their shipmates. Once the Old Man, who gave his orders through a megaphone, ordered all hands forward. It took the after crew a week to get there and then over thirty were killed in the crush. Some of the men got lost because they had not taken the precaution to bring their compasses with them.

"The *Courser* was so big that she had to keep to the oceans, there was no harbor big enough for her to turn about in. Her wheel was so big it took thirty-two men working in unison to turn her and early in the cruise it was found that Stormalong was the only man aboard who could make her answer the wheel promptly. When we had to take on or discharge a cargo a whole fleet of ordinary ships used to come out and we would trans-ship our load.

"But she was a great ship. There never was a storm great enough to cause her any real discomfort.

"There was one that caused us a bit of worry. One of those September gales that chivvy us in the North Atlantic. She was so big that the Skipper just let her ride out any storm knowing that no matter how big a blow it was the *Courser* could weather it. Well,

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this was some storm and we bobbed about like a regular sized vessel all over that ocean. Worst of it was that the clouds and fog made it so dark we couldn't make where we were at. This went on for over a fortnight when we awoke to see the sun bright and shining. The bosun put his mouth to his megaphone and shouted :

*Rise and shine
For the Black Ball Line*

and all hands turned to. There was Stormalong at the wheel holding her true to what he thought was her course. After the Captain and all the mates had 'taken the sun' and figured it out on paper they told us we were somewhere in the North Sea and headed south. That meant trouble. The *Courser* could never get through the English Channel and it meant that we'd pile up against the cliffs at Dover or on the French coast. You see, the North Sea wasn't big enough for us to turn around in. The skipper and the mates had a consultation and decided as they could not turn around to take a chance of easing through the Channel. The officers rode across the poop of that ship on their horses, yelling orders and squinting their eyes along the ship's sides. Stormie was at the wheel and the only

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man who could see everything at once. Just as they got to the point between Calais and the cliffs of Dover all sails were reefed and the skipper was ready to order the men to take to the boats. He looked back at Stormie and saw that the man at the wheel was calm and steady.

“‘Will she make it?’ yelled the skipper through his megaphone.

“‘I think so!’ answered the man at the wheel. ‘May scrape a bit o’ paint off’n our sides but she’ll go through.’

“Then, squinting first along the port side an’ then the starboard he called to the man on the poop deck:

“‘Better send all hands over and soap the sides, put an extry heavy coat on the starboard.’

“The skipper got the whole crew plastering the sides with the best soap he had and the big ship eased through just as sweet as honey. But it’s all due to the soap that we did get through. It was such a tight fit that the cliffs at Dover scraped every bit of soap off the starboard side. Ever since then the cliffs at that point have been pure white. That was from the *Courser’s* soap and the action of the waves. Sometime when you are in the channel take a look at the waves. They are still a bit foamy from the soap.

“When the Old Man saw we had gotten through

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he called all hands forward to splice the main brace, which meant in nautical terms, to come and have a drink of grog.

"The *Courser* kept right on going but after a few hours we got into shallow water and we had to jet-tison all of our ballast. We threw so much overboard that you can still see the piles of dirt. The English call them the Channel Islands.

"In all the time I knew her the *Courser* had but one other storm that troubled her. Strange to relate but it was another September gale, one of those lads that generally does so much damage around Florida. The *Courser* was down among the Caribbees and the storm whipped her about pretty badly. The Skipper wasn't as much afraid of losing his ship as he was of hitting one of the islands and knocking it and the inhabitants into kingdom come. The ship just missed Haiti and headed west by south like a broncho with the bit in his teeth. Right down the Gulf she went until she came to Darien and without asking anybody's permission went right through the Isthmus. The *Courser* found herself out in the Pacific Ocean. The only eye-witnesses of the destruction outside the crew were a couple of army officers who had been sent down by the United States to make surveys for a canal. And right in front of their eyes a ship comes along and digs it for them. Naturally they took all

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the credit but the truth of it is Old Stormalong and the *Courser* dug that ditch."

The Oldest Skipper on Cape Cod paused in his narrative to yawn and give his cronies a chance.

"All I ever knowed about him," said another, "was that he took his whale soup in a Cape Cod dory, that his fav'rite meat was shark. He liked ostrich eggs for breakfast and then he would lie back on the deck and pick his teeth with an eighteen foot oar."

"Skippers came and skippers went," said the Oldest Skipper on Cape Cod, "but Stormie stuck to the *Courser* to the end. He died while we were discharging a cargo from the middle of the Gulf of Mexico."

"I heard how he was buried," said the Sailor Who Had Swallowed the Anchor. "They took him ashore and buried him right near the water so he could always have the salt spray over him."

Then he burst into song:

Stormie's gone, that good old man,

And all the rest joined in the chorus line:

To my way hay, storm along, John.

Stormie's gone, that good old man,

To my aye, aye, aye, Mister Stormalong!

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*They dug his grave with a silver spade,
To my way hay, storm along, John!
His shroud of finest silk was made,
To my aye, aye, aye, Mister Stormalong!*

*They lowered him with a silver chain,
To my way hay, storm along, John!
Their eyes all dim with more than rain,
To my aye, aye, aye, Mister Stormalong!*

*An able sailor, bold and true,
To my way hay, storm along, John!
A good old bosun to his crew,
To my aye, aye, aye, Mister Stormalong!*

*He's moored at last, and furled his sail,
To my way hay, storm along, John!
No danger now from wreck or gale,
To my aye, aye, aye, Mister Stormalong!*

*I wish I was old Stormie's son,
To my way hay, storm along, John!
I'd build me a ship of a thousand ton,
To my aye, aye, aye, Mister Stormalong!*

*I'd sail this wide world 'round and 'round,
To my way hay, storm along, John!
With plenty of money I would be found,
To my aye, aye, aye, Mister Stormalong!*

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*I'd fill her with New England rum,
To my way hay, storm along, John!
All my shellbacks they would have some,
To my aye, aye, aye, Mister Stormalong!*

*Old Stormie's dead and gone to rest,
To my way hay, storm along, John!
Of all the sailors he was the best,
To my aye, aye, aye, Mister Stormalong!*

The song ended and the old shellbacks looked wistfully across the harbor. Beyond the harbor entrance a steamship was making her smoky way to Minot's Light. The Sailor Who Had Swallowed the Anchor spat into the water and said:

"When I went to sea they had iron men and wooden ships; now they got iron ships and wooden men. I'd ruther be found dead than to be found on one o' them steamboats."



KWASIND

KWASIND

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha
Was the very strong man Kwasind;
He the strongest of all mortals.

—*Longfellow*

KWASIND

HERCULES OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS

LONG before the Pilgrims landed on Cape Cod the Indians of that long barren strand knew of the possibility of invasion by the white men. Many strange canoes with sails had cruised along the coast, some had landed parties searching for water and to make surveys. These parties had been watched from behind trees and sand dunes and as long as they went about their own business they were not disturbed. Though the Indians wondered about these men who had other ways and habits than their own they neither feared them nor the thunder-death they dealt to their enemies. For always there was Kwasind, the strongest of men, standing guard over their lodges. None had ever seen the great giant but they knew he was ever on the watch for their enemies.

Great were the tales of his anger and how when in a great rage he would tear up the cedars and the

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piners by the roots and toss huge rocks about like playthings. The Cummaquids, Nausets and Pamets could tell you that upon the approach of an unfriendly ship Kwasind would wade out into Massachusetts harbor, or into the deep Atlantic for that matter, and tip over the invaders' ship. They would tell you of his great kindliness and of the protective care he had for his people, how he would push his great forefinger into the sand and bring forth a geyser of fresh water. With his great foot he would plow out harbors and bays for the fishermen's canoes. They would tell you how he watched over the forlorn maiden who had fallen in love with the great trout and how he dug Cotuit Creek so that the lover could come nearer to his beloved and how, later, he induced the good gods to make her a trout that she might accompany her lover to his watery home.

And Kwasind's great secret was their secret and they kept it buried in their hearts so that the hated and warlike Narragansetts should never hear of it. Kwasind's great strength was seated in his crown and there too lay the point of his greatest weakness. The only weapon that could injure him was the blue cone of the fir tree. This was the secret they kept from Kwasind's enemies.

Indian mothers, who never struck their men

K W A S I N D

children for fear they might become cowards, would tell them whenever the tempest raged through the forest and the branches of the trees creaked and groaned and were split:

“Kwasind is gathering his firewood.”

He was taller than the tallest tree and larger around than the leaf spread of the young elms. When he was in a rage his voice drowned out the thunder of the skies and the pounding of the storm sea on the shore. Yet he could be tender and thoughtful of all his people. A widowed squaw with no one to bring her food would find a great heap of fish and grain before her lonely wigwam. A boy born of but small courage might pray his gods to be made strong and fearless and in the night Kwasind would come, and drawing his forefinger along the sleeping lad's spine, give him those qualities by which the good warrior was measured.

He foretold storms saving many fishermen from watery graves; he could see great distances and direct his people to schools of whales and blackfish. All these things he did for them through signs and the manifestations of these signs were guarded as they guarded his secret. When rain was slow to come and the crops seemed ready to turn over he reached up and brought clouds together causing rain to fall and

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when too much rain had fallen he moved the clouds from over the land far out to sea. To the Cape Indians he was the Big Father.

It was to young lovers that Kwasind was particularly kind. To older lovers he was the beacon that lighted their path to happiness. Only nagging wives and dissolute husbands brought down his tremendous wrath.

There lived at the lower end of the Cape the very rich and powerful sachem, Niwasse. His wealth was in ponds well-stocked with perch, oysters and clams, swamps full of terrapin and wild fowl. Niwasse had a beautiful daughter, tall and slender quite unlike the women of her race, hair and eyes like a raven's wing. Her step was light and graceful and her father's lodge was full of suitors for her hand. She was doubly desirable inasmuch as she could follow a deer trail and draw a bow with the best of the young braves. She laughed at their presents made of eagle feathers and conch shells, dismissed those suitors who brought her presents of rare game. Could she not secure all these for herself and enjoy, too, the glory of the chase? She loved one, a young warrior of the Pamets, a tribe that lived far to the north of the Cape.

As none could persuade her father to consent to

KWASIND

the match there was nothing to do but go to Kwasind and lay the whole matter before him. The two lovers arrived at his wigwam at a lucky hour. He had that morning caused a school of whales to founder on the shore and the fisherman had just presented him with some excellent tobacco. He listened to their story and agreed to help them.

He placed a few hundred pounds of tobacco in his pouch and set out upon his journey with the young brave on his shoulder and the maiden in the crook of his arm. He reached the sachem's lodge in a moment.

"Why cannot these charming people marry, O great chief?" he roared into the lodge.

The sachem stammered something about the young brave's poverty: he was without fame and wore but three scalp-locks at his belt.

"Is that all the trouble?" roared the giant. "What must this brave warrior have to win this maiden?"

"A great deal of land, he must have a whole island," answered the sachem.

"Good! Follow me," said Kwasind, blowing great clouds of smoke through his nostrils. "Follow me, O chief of the Cummaquids."

The sachem followed as fast as he could and a

HERE'S AUDACITY

great crowd of people hurried after him to see what the giant would do.

Kwasind never did things by halves. He went to the high land overlooking the south shore and sat down. He filled his pipe with fresh tobacco and kindled it with a bolt of lightning. He bowed once to the rising sun, twice to the north star and three times to the God of Thunder. Then he muttered some strange words and fell to smoking at a great rate.

Thunder rolled, lightning flashed and rain poured down. Voices of strange gods were heard puffing and blowing as if in terrific labor. The air was filled with a thick mist that even the strongest eyes could not penetrate. Then the watching and waiting crowd heard a tremendous hissing sound as if live coals were dropped into the sea. Kwasind had emptied his pipe. Again he filled his pipe and smoked. For three long days he sat thus smoking and dropping the ashes into the ocean.

On the fourth day he reached up and cleared the mist away and let the sun shine down upon the pleasant land. The people looked and behold, there was a beautiful island, the ashes from Kwasind's pipe. The happy couple upon whom he bestowed this island

KWASIND

named it Nantucket, which is the name it bears to this day.

Kwasind's only reward was the great happiness he got from making others happy. He returned to his duties of keeping watch over his people of the Cape.

One day a great canoe with sails entered Massachusetts Harbor and dropped anchor. It was named the Mayflower and from his lofty perch Kwasind decided these were a friendly people and did not molest them. Many years later when he saw his land overrun with white people and his own people driven to the strange lands of the west he fell ill. A small group of white men fed an Indian some fire-water and when he was very drunk learned the secret of Kwasind's weakness. Going to his lodge they found him asleep in his boat and pelted him with the blue cones of the fir tree until he was dead.

Even now, when the tempest rages through the forests and the branches of the trees creak and groan and split and the waves pound heavily on the shore, the old people of the Cape say:

"Kwasind is gathering his firewood."

THE WHITE STEED



THE WHITE STALLION

THE WHITE STEED

THE PHANTOM OF THE PRAIRIES

I

FROM the plains of Manitoba to the llanos of old Mexico there roamed and ranged a cream white stallion known as the White Steed of the Prairies. Many had seen this magnificent horse, large-eyed, small-headed, deep-chested and with all the dignity of an unconquered king, pacing across the prairie, his pure white mane and tail riding the wind like spume flung from the bows of a clipper. Times without number plainsmen heard him whinnying in the distance and often they had seen a mare in their own remuda lift her sensitive ears and answer. There was a lover's note in his calls, a lure no mare could resist and unless she were securely tethered or in her stall she would follow. For days, sometimes as long as a fortnight, she would remain

HERE'S AUDACITY

away and then return, prancing and curveting into her usual sphere of activity, happy and somewhat reminiscent.

This King of the Prairies was king in his own right. He was the leader of leaders, the one horse who might, at will, supplant the leader of any *caballada*, who might without consent add the most beautiful of another leader's wives to his own *manada*. He had all the desirable qualities, all the speed, all the beauty and endurance. He was known to all. The Indians called him the Ghost Horse of the Plains and believed that neither fire nor lead could harm him. A bullet might pass through his body, but it would leave him unharmed. A prairie fire might destroy the *caballada* that followed him, but he would emerge from it unsinged. The Kiowas called him the Winged Steed. To the plainsmen he was known by many names: the Pacing White Stallion, the White Mustang, the White Sultan and the Phantom Wild Horse.

He was a natural pacer and all men who rode horses wanted him, talked of him and perhaps dreamed of him. Every plainsman wanted him for his own mount. He wanted to take the pacing stallion with his own hands and with the same hands break him and train him. All sorts of lures and devices

THE WHITE STEED

were contrived to trap him, but he was cautious as well as ubiquitous and he had the speed to outdistance any stable horse. And while every plainsman dreamed of possessing this steed, others, horse-lovers living in towns and cities away from the prairies offered tremendous sums of money for his capture alive and unharmed.

The great horse was wary as well as speedy. When he was pursued he left his *caballada* and paced off alone knowing that he risked capture only while in their company. Any *vaquero* could cut him out of his herd and the men who would run him down never were in danger of being trampled by the other horses.

There was a plainsman who came as near as any to making the White Steed his own. He lay for days on a small, low ledge overhanging a water hole. As the waiting man expected the stallion came to drink from the spring. When he had finished drinking he looked up just in time to see the plainsman dropping a buffalo thong noose over his head. The noose slipped over the horse's head as easily as it did from the man's hands. The horse was off like a streak, the noose hanging from his neck where it remained for many years.

HERE'S AUDACITY

2

Back in the days when it was said that Texas was held together by rawhide a large party was formed to take the white stallion. Days were spent deciding who was the best horseman. Competition between a Mexican *vaquero* and an American cowboy was decided in favor of the Mexican. He was the legitimate spawn of Melizyus, King of Thessaly in the golden era of Saturn, first to break a horse to saddle and first to train his soldiers in the use of mounts. By winning in competition with the finest American horseman he became the peer of all.

The hunters sent out searching parties and the great horse was located between Fort Sill and the Washita. The *vaquero* outlined his plan. They were to locate their camp as near as possible to the lair of the white horse. Then running from the center, like the spokes of a wagon wheel, they stationed fresh horses at every mile over a radius of eighty or ninety miles. Only in this manner could the *vaquero* hope to overtake his quarry.

Early one fall morning the chase began. The *vaquero*, changing horses at every mile, followed the beautiful stallion all day. Without straining or increasing his easy-going pacing gait the white horse

THE WHITE STEED

never let the Mexican get within roping distance. The best the *vaquero* could report was that the buffalo thong still hung about his neck.

3

The failure of the hunt spread up and down the prairie. It was told about campfires, by range riders on their lonely tours of duty. Word eventually got to the ears of a famous old trapper up in Canada. In his time he had trapped almost every wild animal and he was sure he could add the Phantom Horse to his bag. At any rate the reward was great enough to make it worth while trying.

He left his cold, wintry home and journeyed south to the Llano Estacada. First he learned all he could about the horse and where it could be found. Then he methodically went about building his trap. Only the stoutest oaken planks were brought in. He built a stall large enough to accommodate several horses and he cunningly contrived a door that would close when the horse had passed in. The door would drop into place and lock itself and the horse could regain his liberty only by having someone open this lock.

When his trap stall was completed and working satisfactorily he mounted his horse and visited the plainsmen who had stables and corrals. He ranged

HERE'S AUDACITY

far and wide until he found what he wanted. This was a young mare, slim and beautiful. She was led to the stall which had been filled with grain and luscious Texan grass. While she was eating the grass she was firmly tethered to ringbolts set in the heavy planks. Finally making sure that the trap door would operate perfectly he took himself off to a vantage point where he might observe all that would take place. A great crowd followed him for his trap stall was known up and down the Llano Estacada and no Texan in full possession of his faculties could think of a more interesting place to be.

Late the next afternoon the horse was heard whinnying in the distance. Almost immediately the mare in the stall answered. He seemed to be summoning her and she was telling him that she could not come because of her halter. He must have understood her for he came pacing over a slight rise, stopping for a moment to take in the situation. Cautiously he advanced upon the stall. Though he suspected all was not well he heard the lady within whinnying, now a little more confident that her lover was outside. Before the sun had set the stallion entered the Canadian trapper's stall. The door worked as it had been planned and the great, free spirit of the prairies was a prisoner within.

THE WHITE STEED

The trapper from the North accepted the congratulations of the plainsmen. Expert horsemen were all for entering the stall at once and bringing the prisoner out. The old trapper cautioned them to patience, the horse might be angry at finding himself trapped in strange quarters. By morning all would be well and he could be led out. The enthusiastic plainsmen returned to their homes, too excited for sleep. All about little groups discussed the best method of breaking the horse. Men, in some instances, came to blows yet they knew that out there in a stall of oak in the Staked Plains was the greatest horse of all times.

Morning had barely dawned when the crowd surged to the spot where the stall had been. Nothing remained but a pile of finely splintered wood. On a rise toward the north they saw their quarry and the beautiful mare. For a moment the two horses turned to look back on the gaping mob. Then they resumed their journey.

The White Stallion was never again seen in the Texas country but the numerous pintoes, or painted ponies that the cowboys love, are all his descendants. His range has been tremendous, he has been seen in the Last Greatest West of Canada, in Lower California and even the sandy dunes of Cape Cod know

HERE'S AUDACITY

him. Among the fishermen of the Cape there was a bleak season that took more than its share of men and ships, one in which a great white stallion was seen pacing the reaches of the Cape. They still speak of it as White Horse Winter.

Let the poet sing the horse:

THE WHITE STEED OF THE PRAIRIES

*Mount, mount for the chase! Let your lassoes be
strong,
And forget not sharp spur and tough buffalo thong;
For the quarry ye seek hath oft baffled, I ween,
Steeds swift as your own, backed by hunters as keen.*

*Fleet barb of the prairie, in vain they prepare
For thy neck, arched in beauty, the treacherous snare;
Thou wilt toss thy proud head, and with nostrils
stretched wide,
Defy them again as thou still hath defied.*

*Trained steeds of the course, urged by rowel and
rein,
Have cracked their strong thews in the pursuit in
vain;
While a bow-shot in front, without straining a limb,
The wild courser careered as 'twere pastime to him.*

THE WHITE STEED

*Ye may know him at once, though a herd be in sight,
As he moves o'er the plain like a creature of light,
His mane streaming forth from his beautiful form
Like a drift from a wave that has burst in the storm.*

*Not the team of the sun, as in fable portrayed,
Through the firmament rushing in glory arrayed,
Could match in wild majesty, beauty and speed,
That tireless, magnificent, and snowy white steed.*

*Much gold for his guerdon, promotion and fame,
Wait the hunter who captures that fleet-footed game;
Let them bid for his freedom, unbridled, unshod,
He will roam till he dies through these pastures of
God.*

*And ye think on his head your base halters to fling!
So ye shall—when yon eagle has lent you his wing;
But no slave of the lash that your stables contain
Can e'er force to a gallop the steed of the plain.*

*His fields have no fence save mountain and sky;
His drink the snow-capped Cordilleras supply;
'Mid the grandeur of nature sole monarch is he,
And his gallant heart swells with the pride of the
free.*

CASEY JONES

CASEY JONES

THE RAILROAD ENGINEER

Come all you rounders for I want you to hear
The story told of a brave engineer;
Casey Jones was the rounder's name,
On a heavy six-eight wheeler he rode to fame.

Caller called Casey about half-past four,
Jones kissed his wife at the station door,
Mounted to the cab with the orders in his hand,
Says he: "This is my trip to the promised land."

Through South Memphis yards on the fly,
He heard the fireman say, "You've got a white-
eye."
All the switchmen knew by the engine's moans,
That the hogger* at the throttle was Casey Jones.

* Hogger: slang for engineer.

HERE'S AUDACITY

It had been raining for more than a week,
The railroad track was like the bed of a creek;
They slowed him down to a thirty mile gait,
Threw the southbound mail 'bout eight hours late.

Fireman says, "Casey, you're runnin' too fast,
You run the block signal the last station you
passed."

Jones said, "Yes, I think we can make it though,
For she steams much better than ever I know."

Jones says, "Fireman, don't you fret,
Keep knockin' at the firedoor, don't give up yet.
I'm goin' to run her till she leaves the rails
Or make it on time with the southbound mails."

Around the curve and a-down the dump,
Two locomotives were a-bound to bump.
Fireman hollered, "Casey, it's just ahead,
We might jump and make it but we'll all be dead."

'Twas around this curve he saw a passenger train,
Something happened in Casey's brain.
Fireman jumped off, but Jones stayed on.
He was a good engineer but he's dead and gone.

Casey said just before he died,
"There's two more roads I'd like to ride."
Fireman said, "What could they be?"
"The Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe."

CASEY JONES

Poor Casey Jones was always all right,
He stuck to his post both day and night;
They loved to hear the whistle of old Number Three
As he came into Memphis on the old K. C.

Mrs. Jones sat on her bed a-sighing,
Just received a telegram Casey was dying.
Said, "Go to bed, children, and hush your crying,
'Cause I'll get you another papa on the Salt Lake
Line."

Headaches and heartaches and all kinds of pain
Are not apart from a railroad train;
Tales of great men, noble an gran'
Belong to the life of a railroad man.

KEMP MORGAN



KEMP MORGAN LOOKS ACROSS THE RANGES

KEMP MORGAN

THE TEXAS OIL DRILLER

I

A SOLITARY man of gigantic proportions plodded wearily across the sandy plains of Eastern Texas. He led a long string of pack mules loaded with curious tools and equipment. From time to time the man would pause in his tracks and smell the air, sniffing like a hound dog trying to pick up a scent. From his sniffing he learned two things: first, that there was no oil in the vicinity and, secondly, that a sand storm was brewing in the east.

Coming upon a small clump of saplings he unloaded his mules and tied them to the trees. Then he prepared his supper of razor-back hog bacon and beans. The supper over he prepared for the night and the coming storm. He knew enough about the country to know that the storm would probably come

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up after he was asleep and be over before the coming of the morning. Covering his nose with his blanket he dozed off into a sound sleep.

The next morning when he awoke his mules were nowhere in sight. Peering up and down the plains he could see no trace of them or their hoof-prints. Then he heard a loud braying in the air and looking up he saw what had happened. So intense was that East Texas sandstorm that it blew the sand away from under the mules and they were left hanging by their tie-ropes forty feet in the air. Bending the saplings over by sheer strength he let the mules down, reloaded them and resumed his weary search for the liquid gold.

In a manner of speaking the man was a man nobody knew. He was Kemp Morgan, greatest of all oil well drillers. No one really knew the man because he worked alone. There was no gang, no matter how expert, that could equal him in effort and endurance. The strongest driller could not stand Kemp's tour of duty. He was a complete gang all by himself. First he prospected for oil and found it, then he spudded-in, drilled and, when a gusher came up, he capped and cased it and built his own derrick. Whether he worked for himself or for a great

KEMP MORGAN

corporation was never known for Kemp Morgan was a silent man and not given to boasting.

Men stood apart and watched him in action, wonderment writ in large letters on their stupid countenances. He used tools and gadgets entirely unknown to them and it was only when he had thrown equipment away as outmoded that they learned of his labor-saving devices. Some they were able to adapt to their own puny efforts but a great many more had to be abandoned because none were big enough or strong enough to work with them.

He was, as has been pointed out, a complete oil gang all in one. After he had located oil with his sensitive nose he would take a sharp-shooter, a long-handled shovel, and begin spudding-in. Men who had seen him at work insisted he could work a sharp-shooter faster and make better time than a No. 1 gang could with a standard drilling rig. It was only when he got to tough-digging, that is, hard rock, that he would put up his drill, mount his bull-wheels, hang his walking-beam and start his engine. Once he started his engine he would go on a double tour of duty, that is, for twenty-four hours a day, until he struck oil. When he had brought in a gusher he would build his own derrick, cap and case the hole, build the tanks and turn the whole affair over to a

HERE'S AUDACITY

regular gang. Then he would move out and look for another oil field. Every oil field in operation today in Texas and Oklahoma was started by Kemp Morgan. He is, or was when he was alive, the only man in the oil fields who could not be called a 'boomer'. Kemp Morgan was responsible for boomers and all the more intelligent boomers followed him about to see where he was to dig next so they could be in on the boom.

Many are the stories that oil drillers tell of Kemp Morgan. He could sight so accurately no plumb line was necessary; he took but a few hours to build a full size derrick and when he drove nails he had to restrain his great strength for fear of demolishing the whole derrick. He could drive any nail with a single tap of his hammer and when he was angry he very often drove the hammer itself deep into the hard wood.

There was one time that he lost his patent drill. He was drilling into soft digging when he noticed that the drill worked slower and slower as it went down. After a while it stopped completely and investigation showed that he had gone into an alumine and the hole had shrunk right up around the drill and held it fast. Another time his drill was deflected by some unusually hard substance and

K E M P M O R G A N

came out in a rubber mine in Brazil. The hole gushed pure rubber and Kemp cut it off in ten foot lengths and sold it to a rubber manufacturer who promised him he would found an industry at Akron, Ohio. One winter when it was pretty cold Morgan kept right on drilling and brought in a twenty inch gusher. The oil froze as it left the ground. The oil underneath pushed the frozen column up straight into the air. Another man would have torn his hair out. Not Kemp Morgan! He sawed it off in three foot lengths and shipped it to the refinery on flat cars, effecting an enormous saving on tank cars.

Most drillers when they bring in a duster, a dry hole, just abandon it and try somewhere else. Old Kemp Morgan knew about other things than oil drilling. He knew that no Kansas farmer could ever dig a post hole in his hard-bottomed soil. He would get his hands around his duster hole and pull it up, four feet at a time, saw it off and ship it to Kansas. Ask any Kansas farmer what he thinks of the Kemp Morgan Portable Post Holes.

Kemp Morgan invented most of the tools and gear now used by the high-speed drillers. His finest invention was the rubber drills. After the hole was spudded-in and the steel drills started he would watch it until he got sleepy. Then he would remove

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the steel drill, substitute the rubber drill and get it bouncing properly and go off to bed. Another of his inventions was a drum around which steel drills could be wound. This saved a great amount of time for others when a drill had to be changed. Before that the drill-pipe had to be brought up in sections and unjointed and stacked on the derrick. For his own part he never used either method. If a drill needed changing he simply lifted the two thousand feet of pipe and held it in the air until the drill was changed. Sometime in his life he must have been a cowboy for once when his boiler blew up he sprang on it, thumbed its safety valve and rode it back to earth. But he was always a quick thinker. Once when he was shooting a well, that is, exploding a charge of nitro-glycerine at the bottom to speed up the flow of oil, he brought out a gusher. He was totally unprepared for it and all he could do was to sit upon the pipe until it was capped.

2

Come to think of it, there was only one man in Texas who could say he worked for Kemp Morgan: he was Bull-Cook Morrison. Bull told me all about Kemp. He was working in a restaurant at Smack-over, Oklahoma, cooking almost nothing for the oil

KEMP MORGAN

boomers but T-bone steaks. It was one of those restaurants that has the kitchen right out in the same room with the diners. Bull saw two tough boomers enter the door followed by the tallest man he'd ever seen. The two boomers sat at the same table and the third took a table nearer the kitchen where he could see the others.

The first waited until the waitress asked what he wanted.

"I want, dearie, a piece of roast about four pounds and I want it pretty rare. Get me kid, *rare?*"

"Listen, boll-weevil, when you come in here leave your chewin' gum to home," said Mayme, the waitress. "An' talk polite; it's a long time since I was a kid and I expect you boys to respect my gray hairs." And, turning to the other boomer, she said:

"What will yours be, sir?"

The second boomer, looking very tough at the big fellow who sat over near the kitchen, said, with a wink at his friend:

"Look in the ice-box and pick out the biggest chunk of meat you have. Tell the bull-cook to just scorch it."

Mayme knew this type of toolies and didn't fall an inch for them.

"Yes, sir!" she said in her nice way.

HERE'S AUDACITY

She passed the orders on and then went to wait on the big fellow. She saw that he was staring pretty straight at the two toolies at the other table and without shifting his glance gave his order.

"Bring me the sharpest steel knife you have. Then lead a steer in here and I'll cripple him and cut off what I need." But, under his breath, he said to Mayme: "Lady, bring me a couple of T-bone steaks and have them well done. I'm not a wild animal."

Bull liked the man for that gesture. He was not a man to listen to another's bluff without topping it. The man, Bull learned later, was Kemp Morgan, greatest of oil drillers.

Bull can tell it in his own way.

After he e't the steaks he calls me over and asks me how'd I like to work out on the slush pit. I ast's him how many there were in his gang.

"One," says he.

"One," I ast's him, "When do you begin working with a full crew?"

"I'm the full crew," says he, laughin'.

"You look like an oil driller to me," I says to him, "an' you're a purty big feller, maybe able to do two men's work in a squeak."

"I'm the full crew," he repeats. "I'm the driller,

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the toolies an' the roughneck. I cap and case, I rig, I pull, sight and rig the derrick. Then when I have time I build the tanks."

Fust I wasn't sure if he was a bit loco or on the level.

"I'm goin' to be purty busy on this new well," he goes on, "an' I won't have much time f'r cookin'. I need a good cook an' I like the way you shoot a steak. Wanta come?"

"Well," says I, "all my wives lef' me because I allus did the wrong thing. I'll go."

He gets up on his feet an' when I see the full size o' him, I says:

"Name Kemp Morgan, by any chanc't?"

"That's me," he said.

Well, we spent a week buying supplies and gettin' ready to go drilling. He e't well, that man, an' it was just the same as buyin' for a full size gang. I didn' pay much attention to the other gear he was buyin', 'cept to notice it was powerful'y heavy stuff. We loaded it ont' the mules an' set off.

Oncet he tol' me that he was goin' to bring in th' biggest gusher of all hist'ry. An' that he didn' aim to share it wit' no one.

"What you goin' do wit' all th' money?" I ast's him."

HERE'S AUDACITY

"Buy Mail Pouch Tobacco," he says.

"Mail Pouch?" says I. "F'r yoursel'?"

Then he tells me about a get-rich-quick idee he's had buzzin' in his head for some time pas'. Oil drillers, or'nary oil drillers had slowed up since prohibition. He was sure that if he took Mail Pouch Tobacco and soaked it in corn shine he could roll up a real fortun' by sellin' it to oil fiel' workers. I'll admit the thing looked kinda smart to me.

When you work for a gang ther is allus someone hungry and a bull-cook can keep things hot all day but with Morgan wanderin' about the sand wit' his nose in the air, a-sniffin' f'r oil, it was diff'rent. Like 's not, we'd eat breakfas' an' not agin until supper. Pretty soft f'r me. I wuzn't complainin' none, not me. No, siree!

I jus' follered him all over that sandy desert until he found sniffin' to his likin'. He got an option on a hun'erd thousand acres.

I ranged a bit about the place and didn' like the looks o' it much. I tol' him so.

"Bull," he says to me, "You're a pretty good cook but a rotten oil prospector. Under your flat feet ther' is the biggest oil field ever discovered."

"Maybe so," says I. "Maybe you're right. But if you'll look erbout you you'll find that a hull lot

KEMP MORGAN

others thought the same thing. 'Pears to me I never seed so many dusters in my life."

"Right y'are, Bull. You might begin putting up your chuck-house. Jus' because some triflers been prospectin' 'rqund here without no luck doesn't mean ain't no oil here."

I guess he knew what he was doin' f'r he starts spudding-in an' I goes off to build me a chuck-house. But that didn't take me no time an' I useter set on a lard pail and watch him work.

He had a bit of hard luck at the beginning. After he had spudded-in he starts off on a sixty inch hole, pretty big, you admit. He gets his drill t' workin' and then says to me, "How 'bout a T-bone steak?" I goes to the chuck-house an' in a few minutes he comes over to get it.

"How far you down?" I ast's him.

"Bout a mile," says he, "but I'll have to drill pretty deep in this county."

While he was eatin' his steak a sandstorm came out'n the east and I jes' got the door closed in time. She only blew 'bout ten minutes but that was enough to put Kemp Morgan back where he started. When he went out the wind had blown all the sand away from around that hole and it stuck up a mile in th' air. Well, he didn' bat an eye but takes a saw an'

HERE'S AUDACITY

starts cuttin' it up in four foot lengths. He packs it on flat cars and ships it to his agent over in Kansas. Later I heard that the holes were so big they had to get a feller to split 'em up in smaller sizes.

He goes back to work with a seventy-five inch drill, bigges' hole ever drilled in that country. I heard o' bigger but I don't believe all I hear.

"Bout twenty thousand feet 'll be deep enough," he says to me. But it wasn't. He went down thirty thousan', then forty thousan' an' fifty thousan'. Jes' a few inches over fifty thousan' he brings in th' bigges' gusher ever I seed. But that wasn't all. Every lil' duster that had been digged by others started gushin' at the same time. How that man worked! He got his big feller capped and cased and then he raced from one t'other. He didn't lose more'n half bar'l oil.

The derrick he built was so high it took, when he called in a regular gang, thirty men to man it. That was fourteen goin' up, fourteen comin' down, a man on top and a man off duty. They was bunkhouses twelve hours apart and chuck-houses six hours apart for the men to eat in. It had hinges in three different places so it could be folded up to let the sun and moon go by. It spouted so high they had to put a roof on it because St. Peter an' all the angels were raisin'

K E M P M O R G A N

all Hell 'bout the oil that was shooting through the floor o' Heaven. It took ten days for the oil to reach the top and then it rained down for three weeks. After he got the big well a-goin' it was an easy matter to take the oil from the ol' duster holes. But, get this straight, that big field at Smackover was open' entirely by Kemp Morgan. He sold every well and cleaned up a fortune.

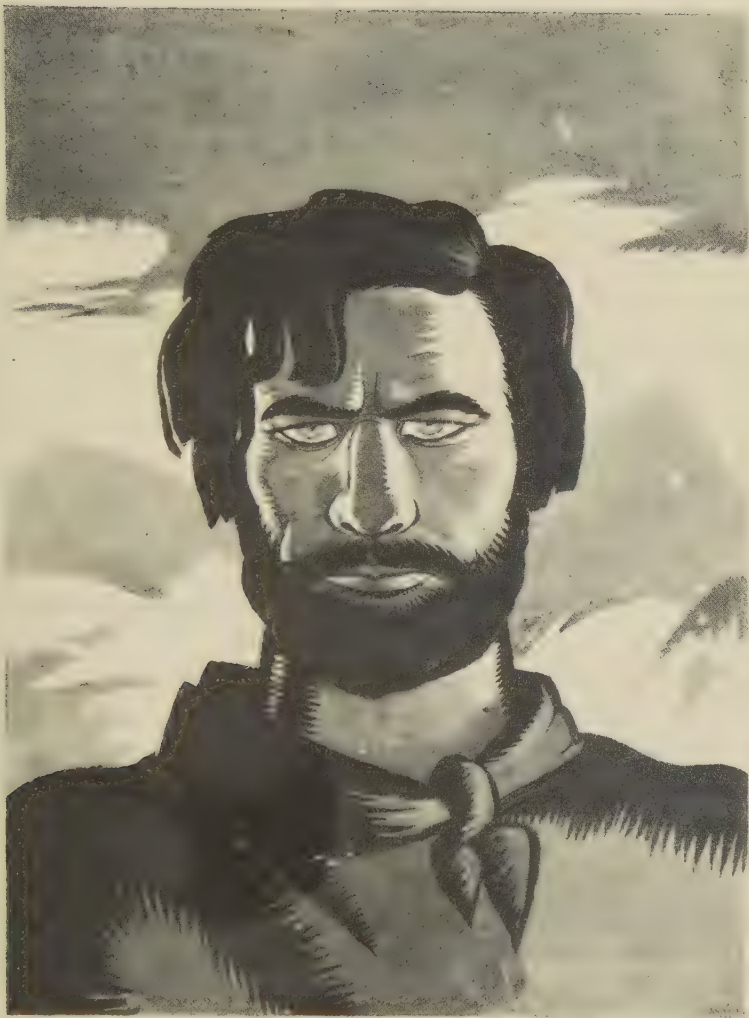
"Did he buy Mail Pouch Tobacco as he had planned?" I asked Bull-Cook Morrison.

"Ever' las' penny went for Mail Pouch," he answered.

"And did he clean up another fortune selling it?"

"No, his own lousy appetite got the bes' o' him an' he chewed it all hisself."

STRAP BUCKNER



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THE MAN WHO FOUGHT THE DEVIL

I

WHEN Stephen F. Austin led his three hundred valiants into the wilds of Texas to found the great commonwealth one youth in the ranks stood head and shoulders above his fellows. His name was Strap Buckner. No one knew from whence he came nor his destination. Why he bore the name of Strap was also a mystery. Was he so christened by loving parents or nicknamed by friends because of his stalwart appearance and great strength? Certain we are that he was of giant stature, and of the strength of ten lions, and he used it as ten lions. His hair was of a fiery redness, as luxuriant as the mane of a lion, and his face and hands were ruddy and freckled.

Like all giants he was of a kindly nature yet he had a pride in his strength which at times became

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ungovernable. Without provocation of any kind he would knock men down with a blow between the eyes. He would do it in the most friendly and courteous manner and with no intentions of harming them. He would enter a circle of chatting gentlemen and with smiling visage knock them all down. When any received bruises or broken bones he would nurse them with more than the tenderness of a mother and with a degree of solicitude as if his whole heart was bent upon restoring them to health as soon as practicable, in order that he might enjoy the pleasure of knocking them down again. Indeed, he nursed them with the enthusiasm of a true genius which fires itself onward to the fulfillment of some great aspiration; and his genius was to knock men down. He knocked down Austin's whole colony at least three times over, including the great and good Stephen himself.

He could plant a blow with his fist so strongly that it was a merry pastime with him to knock a yearling bull stark dead, and even the frontlet of a full-grown animal could not withstand him. In those days a huge black bull appeared mysteriously in Austin's colony, who by his very ferocity became a terror to the settlement, and was known by the dread name of Noche. Strap Buckner challenged this bull

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to single combat and invited the colony to witness the encounter. When the day came the entire colony looked from their doors and windows being afraid to go out, every one, probably, praying that both Strap and the bull would be destroyed. Strap threw a red blanket over his shoulder and walked out on the prairie with the air of a hero going forth to meet a mighty foeman. He carried no weapons whatever. When the bull saw him he tossed his tail aloft and switched it hither and thither, pawed the earth, belched steam from his nostrils and emitted thunderous roars.

Strap grinned and then imitated the bull, pawing the earth and roaring at the top of his voice. The bull, angered by the contempt in Strap's actions, charged at him like a thunderbolt clothed in tempest and terror. Strap met him with a blow on his forehead which sent him staggering back on his haunches. Blood flowed from the steaming nostrils. Recovering from his surprise Noche, to the astonishment of all, turned tail and fled. He was never seen again in those parts.

After this encounter Strap Buckner's fame increased and he was looked upon with favor. Yet his fellowmen looked upon him with great awe and girls and women pined in secret admiration. He became

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a hunter using no other weapon but his fist and an iron cudgel or club, which he threw with the accuracy of rifle fire when his prey refused to meet him at close range. So great was the destruction he wrought that the wild-cat and the bear emigrated and the buffalo bade a lasting farewell to the lowlands.

About this time Strap Buckner became addicted to strong drink and grew boisterous to such a degree that people shunned him in spite of his kindly disposition. No man would meet him alone and when he was seen approaching men would shut themselves in their houses or collect in groups with guns and pistols cocked. Strap now reasoned with himself and determined to seek other fields of glory.

Reflecting upon his present circumstance he said:

"It is ever thus. When a man of genius appears in the world he may be recognized by the infallible sign that all the dunces are immediately aligned against him."

Early one bright Spring morning he arose and throwing his pack of blankets and clothing over his left shoulder, and grasping his iron cudgel in his right hand he turned his back upon the unappreciative community.

The people stood at doors and windows, men,

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women, boys and girls, and watched him departing. With one voice they shouted:

"Fare thee well, Strap Buckner, fare thee well, and joy be with you in your travels."

Strap turned and in the kindness of his heart waved a happy farewell.

"Farewell to thee, San Felipe! Sweet be your cradled slumbers! I go to meet Noche, who has sent me a challenge through the air. Sleep in security, San Felipe, for Strap Buckner watches over your slumbers."

And in the great kindness he felt for these people he brushed a tear from his eye and strode rapidly away.

He traveled west over the great plains. Many were the strange adventures that overtook him, but Strap Buckner was a man of one idea and he was not to be deterred in his quest of Noche. After days of wonders he reached the site where Lagrange now is, and to his surprise found a solitary trading-station. Here Bob Turket and Bill Smotherall exchanged beads and strong liquor with the Indians for furs and skins and for the horses they might steal. He liked the country greatly, and whisky being plentiful, he decided to make this his home. On the first day of his arrival he knocked down both Bob Turket and Bill

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Smotherall, but withal so handsomely and with such an air of unspeakable kindness they could conceive of no offense. Before a week had elapsed he had knocked down every Indian brave who dwelt within ten miles around, and finally, to show his true mettle, he knocked down the great king, Tuleahcahoma, in the presence of the queen, Muchalatota, and the fair princess, Tulipita. He gained such renown among the Indians that they called him the Red Son of Blue Thunder. The great chief held him in such reverence that he presented him with a gray horse with a bob-tail, which though ugly and lank to look at, was famed as the largest and swiftest known to all the Indians. As a final token of his esteem the chief offered him the fair princess Tulipita in marriage. The Princess he rejected because he prized his strength above all things and forebore to waste any of it for a woman, even a fair princess. Tulipita sobbed in silence and let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on her copper cheeks.

Now this great chief and his powerful tribe dwelt in a valley of extraordinary beauty. Strap Buckner saw it and loved the beautiful land. He resolved to settle within the valley, persuaded no doubt by the sight of the swarming population whom he might pound and by observing that should he become

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thirsty his swift gray horse would quickly bear him where he might drink his fill.

He chose a lovely site and there built his house of cedar posts. He procured a jug of whisky and set up housekeeping, an object of great reverence to his neighbors. Daily he went forth and knocked down many Indians with great grace. At last they conceived a tremendous dislike for the Buckner sense of humor and they determined to abandon the valley. On a dark night while Strap slept they silently stole away and he awoke to find himself desolate and alone. When he beheld his deserted valley, only yesterday teeming with braves and fair maidens, he wept out of the kindness of his heart.

"Other friends," said he, "have left me before. Such is the penalty of greatness."

Still he wept. Then he rose to his feet and throwing his hands toward the mountain tops:

"The great mountains stand in isolation, their heads clothed in clouds and thunder, their brows encircled with glittering coronets of ice. They never shake hands and know no sweet familiarities. They live in cold and solitary grandeur. Thus whom the gods make great they make miserable in that their greatness lifts them into solitude. Men and women shun me for my greatness and the bolts of lightning

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most frequently pierce the sides of the greatest mountains. It is their greatness that invites the shafts." And he wept great salt tears out of the fullness of his heart.

Two days he pondered on his greatness and his misery and the struggle between his genius and his better spirit was terrific. Of all the forces that exist genius is the most subtle, the most unquiet and the most powerful. He who has it has a heaving ocean or a seething volcano in his breast. It is nursed and strengthened by opposition. It scorns all efforts to hold it in check as the eagle scorns the mountain tops which say to him, "hither shalt thou soar, but no higher." Pinching penury and gaunt sickness cannot prevail against it, nay, not even the armies of ordinary people who are forever trying to beat it down. It is like a wasting disease which when once implanted in a man will have its way. He that has genius must let it work or else it will prove his ruin. It is not at all difficult to comprehend the terrific struggle that went on between Strap and his genius which was to knock men down. His bosom heaved and his eyes rolled from side to side. His cabin shook in the agony of the conflict as Strap or his genius got the upper hand.

"Ah," thundered his genius, "who would not

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prefer greatness in misery to happiness in littleness? Who will say that the little tomtit that catches flies under the eaves of the honeysuckle is not happier than the proud eagle that bathes his wings in lightning and converses with the thunder? And, yet, what eagle would change with the poor tomtit? Who so poor of spirit? The wretchedness that greatness brings is its badge of honor and the glorious plume of superiority, in which the great spirit should rejoice. Wear thy plumes and be proud of them! Do the polar storms that beat upon the icebergs destroy them? No! They enlarge them, they strengthen them, and by them are made more appallingly beautiful under the dancing aurora. The great iceberg decays under the stupid airs of the tropics that bear only bugs and butterflies. Shame upon your coward thought!"

Strap's countenance grew strangely flushed and a hard, dark light gleamed in his eyes. He arose with a proud air, gazing admiringly at his enormous fists and cried aloud for someone whom he might knock down. Then a sweet gentleness stole into his eyes as he placed himself in the attitude of a boxer in the ring. It was his genius startled and indignant. He craved for someone to face him, even the dread Noche. Once again he lifted his hands toward the

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mountains and cried aloud for someone to strike down. His genius possessed him.

And then his better spirit spoke in a soft voice:

"Ah, Strap, hast thou not glory enough? Is not thy brow already rich with laurels? Hast thou not knocked down many times nearly every man in Texas, even the great Austin and the mighty chief, Tuleahcahoma? Shall the great man never see rest? It is the voice of the betrayer that would lure you from the repose you have so nobly won. Under thine own vine and fig tree live with gentle Peace, and she will bathe thy brow with kisses. Men shall honor thee as they pass, and maidens shall wreath garlands and sing songs for thee. Heed not the voice of the betrayer, O Strap Buckner, for you have glory enough. Seek gentle Peace who shall encircle her pleasant arms about thee and bathe thy brow with sweet kisses."

Then Strap called imploringly:

"Come, gentle Peace, encircle your pleasant arms about me and bathe my brow in kisses. My laurels are sufficient and the great man shall have repose. With thee, gentle Peace, will I live and love."

He arose again and walked across the room, his face beaming with gentleness and meekness and a loveliness which were extremely beautiful to behold,

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like the countenance of the Angel of Light beaming forth from behind the retreating clouds. Said he:

"I have fought the great fight and the victory is won! Future ages will applaud Strap Buckner for the greatness he forebore to pluck, even more than for that which he plucked. I retire from arms in the midst of glorious triumph. Come, gentle Peace, encircle me in your pleasant arms and bathe my brow in kisses. Ah!" He fell upon his knees and reached for the lady of gentleness.

He felt a great thirst and reaching for his jug found it empty.

"Ah," said he, "this will not do. I must pour a libation to gentle Peace."

He called his swift gray horse, the gift of the mighty chief, Tuleahcahoma, and holding his jug in one hand and his bridle in the other, hied away, his long red hair streaming like a meteor behind. When he raised the east bank of the Colorado River, as fate would have it, he saw twenty-two Indian braves, who having exchanged their skins for whisky and trinkets were having a gay dance under an oak tree. In their elastic motions their fat bellies and broad breasts were exposed and glittered in the sun, the sight of which caused a light to shine on Strap's countenance, as if all the kindness in the world had sud-

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denly taken possession of his heart. He smiled a sweet smile like an ardent lover contemplating his darling or an old gray goose smiling upon the gander. He dismounted and stepping lightly into the circle of the braves, one by one knocked them all down. He then turned to each one and bowed with exquisite grace, and the gentleness of his countenance was sweet. How treacherous genius is and how feeble are the best efforts to withstand it. He that has genius must needs let it work; repression and suppression will work havoc with the strongest soul.

Lightly Strap Buckner stepped into the trading-station, smiling as the rose dawn smiles on the new day, carrying his clenched fists before him. He met Bob Turket at the door and instantly knocked him down. How his eyes sparkled and how his genius glowed: he felt himself alive with creative fire. Bill Smotherall, beholding the light of his countenance, tried to escape but a powerful blow between the shoulders overtook him and felled him face downward to the floor. A clock, in the form of a fat knight with a portly belly, ticked on the counter. Strap's genius was in eruption. He let fly at the portly knight and the clock flew into a hundred pieces. He jumped upon the counter and flapped his elbows against his flanks and crowed a crow that rang among the hills



STRAP BUCKNER APPEARS

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and forests of the Colorado. His genius for the first time had overcome and pushed aside his kindness of heart; for never before, in all his achievements, had he uttered a note of triumph. It was the first faint indication of the breakdown of his noble spirit.

2

That Strap's evil genius now had him in complete subjection was shown by his resorting to that treacherous fluid which men put into their mouths to steal away their troubles and put hobnails on their livers. Perhaps, had he gone into seclusion to meditate, his better spirit would have revisited him and with tender voice admonished him and shown him the right trail. Fate, however, had other plans for Strap Buckner.

Calling for his jug he ordered it filled with good old red liquor and seizing a quart measure he drank at one draught all it would hold. Instantly, as might be well supposed, his genius broke all bounds; it raged through his tormented body and came forth in a torrent of blasphemy from his mouth. Filling the quart measure with water he made with the contents a wet ring on the floor, in the center of which he leaped like a savage beast. He smote the air with his fists and exclaimed in a loud voice:

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"Behold in me, Bob Turket, Bill Smotherall and you red men of the forest and prairie, behold in me the champion of the world! I defy all that live! I wager my swift gray horse, the gift of the mighty chief, Tuleahcahoma. Who will take the wager? Yes, I defy the veritable old Devil himself, him of the cloven hoof and tawny hide. Black imp of hell, you Satan, I, Strap Buckner, defy you. A thousand times I defy you!"

Scarcely had he uttered these words when a singular sound issued from the forests of the Colorado, which, growing louder and louder, at last seemed to convulse everything under the whole heavens. Bob Turket and Bill Smotherall looked at one another, speechless and pale. The Indian braves gathered about the door stricken with terror, gazing with staring eyes now into the forests of the Colorado, now at Bob Turket and Bill Smotherall, and now at the champion of all the world. Said the Great Medicine Man, sounding his bong-boree:

"It is—he! It is he! The Great Father of the Red Son of Blue Thunder. He comes to aid his great son who raises his mighty fists to the skies. Red sons of the forest and prairie, the Wahconda calls you away."

The Great Medicine Man hung his bong-boree

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over his back and sped away like a turkey that is afraid. He leaped rocks and fallen trees in his flight. Twenty-one Indians, all in a row, sped behind him like twenty-one turkeys that were afraid. And they leaped rocks and fallen trees as they fled.

Outspake Bob Turket:

"Mighty champion of all the world, tell us what is that!"

The champion of all the world, still occupying the center of the ring responded: "It is not the Great Father of the Red Son of Blue Thunder, it is not the Wahconda calling to the red sons of the forest and prairie to hie hence. I know the familiar voice full well. Listen! It is Noche! It is the dread Noche! He sent me a challenge through the air and behold he comes! I conquered him once before and I will conquer him again. Black, dread Noche, I defy you! I fling your challenge back upon your grizzly frontlet!"

The singular murmuring sound again issued from the deep forest of the Colorado, growing louder and louder, until the everlasting hills trembled with the reverberations, and the great oaks bowed their heads. It called distinctly, according to the true report of Bob Turket:

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"Ah, Strap,—ah, Strap! Remember, Strap Buckner, *remember!*"

Many great oaks were uprooted by the thunderous tone and foreboding of the last word.

Bob Turket and Bill Smotherall fell upon their faces.

"Mighty champion of all the world," cried Bob Turket, "depart at once and we will pray for your soul."

The champion seized his jug by the handle and pouring out a quart measure of the courage-giving liquor, imbibed it at a single draught. He mounted his swift gray horse and sped away with the fury of a whirlwind. Bob Turket and Bill Smotherall watched him as he passed out of sight and then listened to the clatter of hoofs till they died away in the distance, but dared not venture out of doors. They relate, in their true report, that as the champion rode away, a strange creature in the dread form of a red monkey, leaped up behind him and rode away with him. They relate further that this strange creature turned full upon them, and placing his thumb to his nose, made at them a sign of obscene derision. Be all this as it may, when Strap Buckner reached his cabin and stripped his horse he observed upon his haunches abundant scratches and blood, as if they

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had been stricken with the claws of a wild beast. He entered his cabin.

3

Night was rapidly falling and rolling clouds involved the heavens in pitchy blackness. Sulphurous vapors scudded below the clouds whose black bosoms were riven with bolts of forked lightning and fearful thunder resounded through the deserted valley. A storm of wind and rain burst upon the cabin with terrible fury and the champion was compelled to bar his door to stay the invasion. Then in the midst of wild tumult of the elements he proceeded to cook his supper of hoe-cake and fried bacon. The bacon sizzled deliciously and the hoe-cake grew to a rich brown. When all was ready he spread the table and invoked an earnest blessing upon him who invented fried bacon and hoe-cake. Suddenly an impetuous blast blew open one of his windows with a violence greater than any previous effort. Strap raised his eyes and saw two fiery balls, about four inches apart, staring at him through the open window. They were motionless and stared with an intense and sinister expression, as if they meant mischief and did not doubt their power to inflict it.

"Ah," said Strap Buckner, "Ocelot, have you come

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to interview me? Or do you wish to forget your sorrows in a sip of my jolly jug? Is the tempest too much for your glossy skin and you come to implore refuge with me under my roof? Truly, I might accord you all of these and feel myself blessed for having done so. Your glaring, infernal eyes betray you and say that you would return villainy for these mercies. Take you to my warm couch and sleep with you only to find my throat cut in the morning and the warm blood sucked from my veins? Ocelot, seek the hospitality of fools! Speed away! What! You still wish to stay? Redouble the fury of your eyes! Will you fight? Then take this!"

He took a stone from the hearth and threw it with all his might at the glaring balls. The stone missed its mark and the eyes did not move.

"You are a brave one," said Strap, "and my hand is unsteady. Would you attack me in my home? Then let me at you with my iron cudgel."

With that he seized his iron club and strode with it uplifted to the window. He drew back to plant the blow of a giant between the glaring balls. The blow fell but it struck only against the window-sill with such force that it went half through the heart of oak. The balls evaded it and disappeared in the

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outer darkness. Strap then barred the window more firmly than before and returned to his dinner.

He was chewing a lengthy piece of bacon the ends of which protruded from each corner of his mouth when a blinding flash of lightning fell, accompanied with a burst of thunder so close and violent that it seemed the ancient hills were riven from their foundations and were tottering to their fall. For a moment Strap felt himself stunned with the flame and concussion.

"Bless me," said he, "now has God given us enough lightning and dire thunder. But what, ye gods, is this?"

He beheld, dancing on the floor before him a remarkable black figure with insolent eyes of fiery redness. It was in the shape of a man but was less than three feet in height and had two red horns on its head, and its feet, which were large, were cloven like the hoofs of a bull. Its nose was prominent and hooked like the beak of an eagle and its face was gaunt and thin. Though so small of stature, its visage was hard and wrinkled showing its great age and infinite villainy. As it danced before Strap it placed the thumb of its right hand against its nose and repeated the insulting sign of derision. It did not speak.

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Strap was amazed but he was not overcome. He let the long piece of bacon drop from his mouth.

"Am I seeing things?" he asked himself. Brushing his hand across his eyes as if to wipe away an unwelcome vision he shook his head and stared again at the object. The figure continued to dance and smirk.

"Have I gone batty? Strap, old man, pull yourself together. You're drunker nor a lord. You'll have the delirium tremens."

He tried to get up from his chair but found his body too heavy for his legs. Slumping heavily back into his chair he murmured:

"Keep on dancing, old thing. I'll be all right in a moment."

The object ceased dancing and stepped to Strap's side taking a seat unbid in a chair on the hearth. As it did so it commenced growing and did not stop until it had grown to twice its original proportions. It drew from between its legs a long tail with a hard pronged point which Strap had not observed before. It twirled it about and it fell upon Strap's knee. He hastily pushed back his chair and rose.

"Keep your infernal tail to yourself, Stranger."

"Skin for skin," said the figure, resting his elbow on his knee and his chin between the thumb and in-

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dex finger of his right hand and regarding Strap with keen interest. At the same time he twirled his tail over and over with such force and accurate aim that the sharp point of it struck deeply into the oaken mantel-piece, where it hung fixed.

"What is your name?" demanded Strap. "Where are you from?" He rose belligerently. "Your name and your business!"

"Skin for skin," said the object.

"Skin for skin?" queried Strap. "Have you no other name? Have you come out of the storm to talk balderdash?"

"Sir," said the object, rising from his chair and extracting his tail from the mantel-piece and advancing a step toward Strap, "men have called me by many names. You have called me the black imp of hell and Satan! So be it! Skin for skin! You challenged me to fight and wagered your swift gray horse, the gift of the mighty chief, Tuleahcahoma. Three times have you challenged and three times have I accepted. I have come to meet you now or fling your challenge in your teeth and pull your ruddy beard."

He seized his tail in his right hand and held it like a javelin about to be thrown. Strap gazed upon this singular weapon with a meditative air.

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"Good Devil, take a seat. Would you attack a gentleman in his cups? None but a thief and a coward would do that. Put your tail away, please. Leave me to my sleep and until I get sober and I will meet you man to man. Tomorrow morning at nine o'clock I will meet you."

The Devil advanced again, saying, "Give me your hand, Strap Buckner. Skin for skin! Tomorrow morning at nine o'clock under the oak that overlooks your cabin from the south."

They clasped hands and shook heartily:

"Now," said the Fiend, "I will leave you to restoring sleep so that you may sober up. No one with honor and courage would attack a man while he is in his cups. Skin for skin, Strap Buckner, skin for skin!"

The Devil then walked to the door. Strap moved forward to unbar it and let him out but the Devil made a bound for the keyhole and passed through, tail and all, in the twinkling of an eye. As he did so he filled the room with a strong odor of brimstone insomuch that the champion was compelled to hold his nose.

"No wonder," said he, "since he was squeezed so tightly. Pull me through a keyhole and I dare say I would not leave a less odorous record."

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Then for a moment he threw open the window to the tempest and burned a few cotton rags to deodorize the room. When all was well he returned to his dinner of hoe-cake and fried bacon.

A weak man placed in such remarkable circumstances, the most remarkable that a human being was ever placed in, would have given loose rein to his fancy and indulged in gloomy soliloquies. Strap Buckner was a strong man with the strength of ten lions which he used as ten lions. His character was as strong as his body, his mind ten times as strong. Like the champion that he was he argued to himself:

"I have nothing to do but to husband my strength and meet the inevitable. Victory must be mine."

After finishing his dinner he walked up and down the room for an hour to promote digestion and by exercise to force through the pores of his skin the red liquor he had drunken at the trading station. He then sank upon his couch and slept as soundly as an infant. Those who knew Strap say that all during the night smiles played about his mouth and his face bore an expression that could only be called seraphic. One cannot help being carried away in admiration of his sublime character. Here, indeed, was the champion of all champions, strong and unafraid, the true gladiator ever confident of his great power.

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Truly the world has never seen such an extraordinary man. Had he lived in antiquity he would have been a god and temples would have been erected in his honor, poets would have written songs for maidens to sing and burnt offerings would have been placed before his shrine.

4

Day dawned but its light struggled almost in vain with the storm which still held carnival in the valley. Strap arose refreshed and vigorous and the blood raced rosily and merrily through his manly body. The light of battle was in his eyes and determination to win hardened his jaw. He might have been mistaken for some knight of old who, after resting from his great conquests, was about to receive the smiles and favors of his ladye-faire. Not at all the gladiator who had yet to strap on his armor for the most dreadful combat for which mortal man had ever accepted challenge.

First he took a shower bath in the slanting storm of rain whose myriad drops fell upon him like the rattling of a mitrailleuse. For ten minutes he stood with his broad, naked back to it till the skin glittered like rosy velvet under the pelting; ten more minutes he received it upon his manly front, standing like a

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statue with both arms extended, the lightning flashing and bolts of thunder bursting around him. Then he turned his left flank and then his right. Forty minutes were thus passed in the shower bath furnished by the warring elements, charged with ammonia and subtle electricity. For forty more minutes he rubbed his glowing flesh, in his cabin, with matting woven from the shaggy reeds of the valley.

When he had completed his ablutions he stood in the center of the room, the most glorious picture of perfect manhood ever seen in the world. As he surveyed himself his bosom swelled in exultation.

"Is this not a picture for the Queen of the Amazons to look upon?" he asked. "Would not the magnificent Aphrodite give half her immortality to encircle this manly form for one moment with her flowing locks?"

Truly it is distressing to think that such noble manhood should pass from the earth without progeny. Fate's greatest fault was to deny Strap Buckner the love and the world that were his just due.

He breakfasted upon the remnants of the fried bacon and hoe-cake left from the previous night's repast. The merry jug stood near inviting him to taste the ruby fluid but he turned from it with a look of reproach.

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"I will embrace thee when I return," said he, "if fortune do but favor me. You are good for him who is returning from the war but hard luck to him who needs a steady eye and a firm arm."

Donning his garment of buckskin he said:

"The hour has arrived."

Taking his iron cudgel in his right hand, the only aid he asked from art, this matchless hero stepped out into the storm. The tempest smote his noble brow, the clouds saluted him with a salvo of thunder, the lightning garlanded his locks. He called his swift gray horse, the gift of the mighty chief, Tuleahcahoma. Fixing his saddle he mounted and rode off to battle.

He had advanced but a few paces when the Infernal Fiend in the form of a skinny, ugly dwarf, appeared before him. The dwarf danced a jig but he did not salute Strap with his customary insulting gesture.

He bowed politely and said:

"Hail to thee, Strap Buckner! I see you are as good as your word, a man of honor. Receive my kowtow to a man of great courage. I will lead and you may follow."

"I will follow where any man or fiend will lead," said the champion. And both moved onward through



STRAP BUCKNER MEETS THE FOUL FIEND

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the storm, the Fiend in advance. A white flame of lightning illumined the valley and when Strap looked again the Fiend had disappeared. In his place there was a long, yellowish gray cat, hopping along as if he had been there since the start. The cat looked back at Strap and mewed.

"Ah, Ocelot," said Buckner, "is not the tempest too much for you? Better take refuge in a hollow tree or your furs may be rubbed the wrong way."

Again the blinding flash of lightning came and the thunder rent the air and reverberated through the valley. When Strap looked again the mewing cat had disappeared and in its place an alert Skye terrier tripped along by his side.

"Ah," said Strap. "Skye terrier, how do you like the storm? Better hurry to the trading station and catch rats under the mouldering skins. The tempest may pick you up and blow you to kingdom come."

Again the thunder detonated and lightning lighted up the face of the mountains. When Strap's eyes became accustomed once more to the darkness he perceived that the terrier had gone and in its place there was a huge black bear.

"Ah," repeated Strap, "this is the history and the panorama of nature; the lesser forms and the lower develop into the bigger forms and the higher. Shall

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these eyes witness in a few minutes what it has taken Old Time myriads of ages to evolve? Bruin, how do you like the flood? Better go quickly to your cave in the rocks and eat your acorns. Who knows, old fellow, but your wife may be playing you for a sucker while you are lost in the storm? She may even believe you lost or dead."

Again the blinding lightning came and once more the thunder shook the valley. When Strap looked again the bear had gone, but an enormous bull, black as night, strode before him, his tail tossed over his back and the valley trembling with every step he took.

"Ah," said Strap once again, "this is Noche, or I'm mistaken. My old friend Noche who knows I am his innocent friend. How is your frontlet, Noche? Have you had the screw worms picked out of your wounds? Has your nose stopped bleeding? Better take yourself to some pretty protected nook and eat cowslips and beget calves for an honest milkmaid. Bad weather, for you Noche, and foolish of you to expose yourself unnecessarily. Why do you hang your head, Noche? Has a milkmaid broken a joint of your tail and your females kicked you out of the barn to starve in the wilderness? Poor old Noche!"

Again the blinding lightning came with such ve-

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hemence that it smote hard upon Strap's eyes and the thunder shook the valley to the solid granite below.

"Bless me," exclaimed Strap, "another such as that will burst my eye-balls and ear-drums!"

When he recovered his sight and hearing Noche had departed and in his stead was the Foul Fiend. In stately form marched the Devil, all save his tail which he carried behind him curved up and around like a fish-hook. He looked back and placing his thumb to his nose he stuck out his tongue and laughed:

"Skin for skin, Strap Buckner, skin for skin!"

"Ho," said Strap, "you laugh. Remember that he laughs best who laughs last." But the Fiend kept on laughing at him. His heart swelled at the affront and it was all he could do to restrain the impulse to seize the Fiend's tail and crush it off with a single blow of his iron cudgel.

They had now reached the foot of the upland that looked down into the valley. Silently they ascended to a cluster of noble oaks, venerable with mossy beards. The greensward was rich about them and the plateau level and smooth. It seemed rather a trysting place for lovers or a setting for fairies to dance under the moonlight than a ring for Devil and Hero to meet

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in the struggle of death. As Strap looked about him he said:

"Now is the hour and here is the place."

He dismounted and turning his gray horse loose, with his bridle slipped over his head, said to him: "Feed yourself on this rich grass while I eat this Foul Fiend. Eat hearty." The gray horse wagged his bobbed tail and said, "Luck to you, Strap, old man."

Strap faced the Devil. Without a tremor of a nerve, without the air of fear or the air of boast this matchless champion of all the champions confronted his antagonist. He was ready, trained to the moment, confident of success.

While he was waiting for the Fiend to put up his guard the latter meanly commenced to grow and ceased not to grow until he had achieved such stature that his head was one hundred and ninety feet in the air and he was eighty feet in girth. His barbed tail grew proportionately, till, seizing it, he gave it a twirl and the point struck the bosom of a black cloud with such force that it penetrated it and stuck there. As he had the right Strap complained of this injustice. Said he:

"Foul Fiend, you are no fair man to ask me to fight on such unequal terms. If you choose to

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fight on such terms I can only brand you as a villainous coward."

The Fiend looked down from his lofty height and with a voice that confused all living things within a vast area, said:

"Put aside your iron mace, your cudgel, your pestle, your club, and I will resume my normal size. Skin for skin!"

Strap tossed aside the iron cudgel whereupon the Fiend commenced shrinking and did not cease until he had shrunken to Strap's size, that is, all save his tail which still remained hitched in the bosom of the cloud. He now took position before Strap in the attitude of a boxer and Strap assumed the same posture. He kept his eye on Strap and the champion kept his eye on the Fiend, both guarding against any advantage or cheat by his opponent. The Fiend feinted and then drew back for a blow but at that moment the black cloud to which his tail was attached was rapidly passing beyond the horizon and it drew the Devil backwards and upwards with great force. The Fiend screamed with the pain at the point of the tail's juncture with the body. The air suddenly became impregnated with the fearful odor of brimstone and Strap was forced to burn more cotton rags to deodorize it. He might have taken advantage of the

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Fiend's discomfiture but his ridiculous sense of honor forbade. As the cloud was dragging the Fiend backwards and upwards, nearly paralyzed with pain, how easily Strap could have taken a stone and crushed his head. Instead, under a false sense of honor and out of the rich kindness of his heart, he proffered a hand to the Fiend to aid him in unhitching his tail. Giving the Devil his hand to use as a springboard Strap heaved mightily and the Fiend leaped in the air and rolled himself in the coils of his tail till he had reached the cloud. Once there he used his hoofs and horns and succeeded in releasing his tail. Immediately he sprang back and, without a word of thanks to his benefactor, stood before the champion in the attitude of a boxer.

Honor with the Devil! What wanton weakness!

It would be quite easy to describe the battle of all times, to tell of the blows and counter-blows, the parries, feints, jabs, and all the other features. Round by round the battle raged all day. First Strap would have the advantage and then a lucky blow would give it to the Fiend. The battle raged with varying fortunes until sundown. Both fighters were very tired and so evenly were they matched it was evident the battle must continue until one or the other dropped through sheer exhaustion. The Devil, seeing

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that he could not keep the advantage over Strap and having less honor than cunning, contrived to grow again to monstrous size and at last wore the champion out by the unequal terms. Tired, crest-fallen, utterly overcome and beaten, Strap was compelled to ask for quarter. The country for a great circuit round had rung with the hideous noise of battle, and Bob Turket and Bill Smotherall and forty Indian braves stood on the river bank and listened to it, amazed.

As night fell they saw a great gray horse riding through the air down the valley with the dread form of a red monkey astride his back in front and the limp form of an overpowered man dangling across behind. The horse and the riders lighted on the top of the cedar-covered mountain that looks down upon Lagrange from the north. Then all disappeared into the umbrageous forest.

When morning came Bob Turket and Bill Smotherall and a thousand Indian braves crossed the river and marched to Strap's house which they found as he had left it, deserted and closed. Searching about they at last came to the spot where the dread encounter had taken place. The earth had been torn away to the bare rock and in the rock were deep impressions of cloven hoofs and Strap's feet. No earth has ever accumulated and no green grass or tree has

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ever grown on that accursed spot since. It remains and will remain forever in bleak deformity. A pile of gory hair and beard was found nearby which was recognized as Strap Buckner's. A broken cloven hoof they also found which had a strange, unearthly smell, and near it was Strap's iron cudgel. This they religiously preserved and bore back on poles in solemn silence, and deposited before his cabin door. And they all wept aloud and shed salt tears and the Great Medicine Man sounded his big bong-boree.

5

Three months passed and one morning as Bob Turket and Bill Smotherall were counting their skins they were stricken with amazement to see Strap Buckner ride up before them on his swift gray horse, the gift of the mighty chief, Tuleahcahoma. He dismounted and stood before them and they were the more amazed. He looked sad and solemn and distant as though he were contemplating things afar off. He did not speak to them but they fell on their faces before him, and said:

"Mighty champion of all the world, depart hence."

Strap Buckner said simply:

"Skin for skin!"

"Mighty champion of all the world," they replied,

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misunderstanding his meaning, "Take all of our skins and go away." He only repeated:

"Skin for skin!"

Remounting his gray horse he crossed the river and sadly and slowly rode away. Bob Turket and Bill Smotherall counted no more skins that day.

Three months he dwelt in his cabin and thrice weekly he visited the trading-station where he walked like one contemplating the dead, with a sad and distant air. He volunteered to speak to none and the only response to every question was "skin for skin." He was a changed man. He would drink no whisky and would knock no man down. Yet Bob Turket and Bill Smotherall and all the Indian braves shrank from him with awe and dread, and the Great Medicine Man, whenever he saw him approaching, stopped and sounded his big bong-boree.

Finally, one night, a great blue flame rose far above the valley and cast a pale, deathly light over the land. Bob Turket and Bill Smotherall and ninety Indian braves watched it all night. On the top of the blue flame they beheld a great horse and astride of him sat the dread form of a red monkey and behind the red monkey sat the form of a gigantic man with red hair and beard waving a gigantic iron cudgel, whereat the dread form of the monkey seemed to

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cower. When morning came Bob Turket and Bill Smotherall and eleven hundred Indian braves crossed the river and marched to Strap's cabin. They found it in ashes and cinders. They stood around it in solemn silence and with one accord wept aloud and spilt great salt tears. The Great Medicine Man sounded his big bong-boree.

Since that mysterious and perhaps fatal night Strap Buckner has never been seen in his proper person as in the olden time.

Often at night when the tempest howls and the thunders roar, his shadow is seen to ride the valley of the Colorado. Astride his swift gray horse, the gift of the mighty chief, Tuleahcahoma, he rides across the black clouds, shooting along with a sulphurous glare that shines on the cedar-topped mountains where he disappears into the umbrageous forest.

The Bard of the Colorado has celebrated Strap Buckner in verse:

*But still the enthusiast bards relate,
In memory of his gallant past,
That oft he is seen in gloom of state,
To ride his steed on the whirlwind blast.*

*He rises lowering on the view,
His red hair streaming from on high,*

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*Glad in garb of sulphurous blue,
Which casts a shade o'er his frenzied eye.*

*As he whirls like a god on his clouded path,
And shakes his locks and iron limb,
He looks on none in the might of his wrath,
And he speaks to none though they speak to him.*

*Let no one scorn the friendly tale,
Or doubt unkind its shadowed truth,
For still the Buckner boys bewail
Their noble but mysterious youth.*

*He stands a talisman whose spell
Shall ne'er forget its generous sway;
And with his folk his name shall dwell—
A name not made to pass away.*

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PECOS BILL—HIGH SHERIFF

PECOS BILL

THE COWBOY

I

A COWBOY sat behind a mesquite bush on the bank of the Rio Grande. He was singing, dolorously:

*Beat the drums lowly and play your fifes slowly,
Play the dead march as you drag me along,
Take me to the graveyard and lay a sod o'er me,
For I'm a poor cowboy and I know I done wrong.*

He would punctuate each line with a shot from his derringer. A derringer is a one way pistol. All it really is, is a hole with some steel around it, a trigger and a hammer. The marksman must slip each cartridge into the chamber and then pull the trigger. After that he has to pull back the hammer, extract the empty shell and reload. This cowboy was prac-

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ticing fast shooting and improving his aim. Too, he was much concerned with quick loading.

Holding the derringer in his right hand and a handful of cartridges in his left he would fire his pistol; with the thumb of his right hand he would flick back the trigger and eject the empty shell. With a flirt of his left hand and with an accuracy almost uncanny he would throw a fresh cartridge into the breech. Yesterday he had been able to fire sixty-six shots a minute and wanted to make it an even hundred before he went home to chow. The Mexicans he was firing at across the river had gotten sore and retreated behind the hills.

Today there were a lot of fresh Mexicans who had never been killed. After two hours of intensive practice and killing enough greasers to populate a respectable city he had attained his ideal, one hundred accurate shots a minute. He knew when he had hit his target because the Mexican toppled over and kept quite still. That was the way with greasers, once let them off their feet they were too lazy to get up. In some cases they were too lazy to get out of the way.

After he had finished his singing a troop of United States Cavalry rode up. They had heard the quick firing and thought another border war had started. The cowboy told them what he had been doing and

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the troops laughed loudly and disagreeably which in Texas might be the same as doubting his word. The cowboy invited the whole troop down the river a piece where they would find other Mexicans. Taking his seat on the bank he demonstrated his ability to fire quickly and accurately.

The Colonel in command of the troops said:

"I know who you are. You're Pecos Bill or I'm a lousy artilleryman."

"Right, Colonel. That's me. Pecos * Bill, the unbranded maverick of the Rio Grande."

To make a long story short the Colonel was deeply interested in Bill's shooting and laid out a plan that Bill thought was great. The Colonel's name turned out to be Gatling and together he and the cowboy invented the gun that later became known as the Gatling gun. In some places in the southwest it is still called the Pecos Bill gun but Bill was a modest creature, save when he was drinking or there were ladies about, and he let the Colonel get away with all the credit. That was Pecos Bill all over, softhearted.

2

No one knows just where Bill was born nor his family name. Legend has it that he was born in

* Pronounced—paycos.

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Eastern Texas about the time that Sam Houston invented the state. Bill could recall that his folks were just ordinary people and that he had sixteen brothers and twelve sisters. The family lived in Eastern Texas until Bill was about a year old. About that time a new family moved into the county and Bill's father reckoned the place was becoming too crowded for comfort. There seemed to be nothing to do but move westward where the family would have room to move about. Packing his entire family in a wagon train Mr. Bill headed west. Bill, who was a big lad even at that age, had to have a wagon and a trailer all to himself. His head and torso were in the wagon and his feet on the trailer. The whole family had to have fourteen wagons and Bill's trailer. When they were crossing the Pecos River Bill fell out of his wagon and it wasn't until almost a year later that his folks missed him. They figured it was too late then to go and look for him.

Bill could tell many lovely stories about his mother. Once when they had made camp for the night they were attacked by a tribe of ferocious Indians. Though the Indians were armed with muskets and tomahawks Bill's mother went after them with a broom. She killed forty-five before they understood she did not consider them socially desirable. Not only

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that, she did it without disturbing the sleeping family. Bill loved that mother of his.

"Weaned me on moonshine and panthers' milk, she did, when I was only two weeks old. Gave me a bowie knife to cut my teeth on till I broke so many she put me on horseshoes. Even then my teeth were so strong I used to chew them into small pieces.

"Well, arter I fell off'n that wagon," went on Bill, "I just nacherally had to make my own way. Fell in with a bunch of catamounts and wild-cats. Got so clever I'd let them range about for game and when they brought it back to camp I'd fight them for it. Arter a while the wild-cats and catamounts jes' nacherally left the Pecos country and I had to take up with the coyotes. I learned the coyote language and I used to go off with them at night. When they got hoarse from howling I'd begin where they left off. By the time I was ten years old I thought I was a coyote myself, just a coyote with a bad case of mange."

Even if Bill was convinced that he was a coyote like the rest of the varmints he must have early established himself as leader of the pack. Bill was born with a lot of brains and they must have matured early. While he was leader of the pack he invented

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what later became known as dog-fighting. Knowing the coyote language he would tell one hound that another had called him bad names and to the other he would tell a similar story. First thing you knew the two coyotes were at each other's throats. He even went so far as to pit brother bear against brother bear and to sick a catamount on a wild-cat. Bill always recalled those happy and innocent days as the happiest of his life. He early missed his whisky-pap but discovered mescal and used it as his only beverage. He could make a meal of raw cactus if there was enough mescal or pulque to wash it down. Tough and sturdy, that boy. It's pretty easy to estimate the lad's toughness; most full-grown men are tied into knots by such a diet.

Naturally while Bill lived with the varmints he wore no clothing. One day while he was teaching the coyotes how to kill sheep a cowboy came along and asked him how-come he wore no clothing.

"I'm a coyote," said Bill. "Or maybe I'm a wild-cat."

Bill was a big boy in those days. He weighed an even quarter long ton when he was ten years old; almost as big as a Texas Ranger thinks he himself is.

"What you need is a swift lickin'," said the cow-

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boy. "And, if you don't know me, I'm the boy who taught the wild-cats how to be wild."

"You're crazy," yelled Bill. "I taught them to be wild when I taught the whole west to be wild."

The cowman unlimbered his shooting irons and pointed them at the boy.

"Son, I wants to warn yuh! You're jes' sneakin' into the finest lickin' a man ever got. Anyway, you ought to know better 'n goin' 'round with no clothes on. Here in Texas we don't stand for that nohow."

"Can't shoot a man for that," cried Bill. He was getting madder every moment. The cowman sat down.

"Can't, hey! Here in Texas we shoot first and then ponder afterwards. So you think you're a coyote, huh? Where's your fur?"

Bill admitted he had no fur but that he had fleas.

"Fleas don't count. Everybody in Texas has fleas same as they got two eyes and a nose."

"Well, don't I yell?" asked Bill.

"Sure, so do I. So does every man who comes into this country. A man with fleas got nothin' else to do but yell."

"But they don't yell like me," boasted Bill.

Then he burst into song:

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*O, I'm wild and woolly
And full of fleas.
Ain't never been curried
Below the knees.*

*I'm a wild she-wolf
From Bitter Creek,
And it's my night
To ho-o-o-wl.*

The cowman looked unconvinced when Bill had finished.

"You sit where you are," said Bill, "while I go up to that bluff of trees on the hill and show you."

He waddled off on all fours to the clump of trees on the rise to do his yell. After five minutes of terrific din the cowman had his gun out and was taking pot shots at Bill. The boy stood up on his hind legs and yelled for the gunman to lay off. He came loping back but the cowboy would not let him come too close.

"Guess you are an ornery coyote. Got a mind to shoot you so you won't howl tonight. But, lookyhere, where's your tail?"

Bill felt behind him but found no tail.

"I'm a coyote, all rightee," argued the boy. A look

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of wonderment spread over his face. "Do you mean to tell me that I look like you?"

"Sure, you're a huming being that ain't had a chance. You're pretty big but you can't fool me."

He asked about human beings and the cowboy told him how they slept in houses and had fires to keep them warm, how they sat at tables and ate cooked food. Bill learned about the many curious things that men and women did but the thing that appealed most to him was the swell saloons where they got grand drinks. He gave the cowboy a drink of mescal and stood by until he was over his fit, then he brushed him off and sent him after some clothes. Pouring out a gallon of good old mescal he sat down and waited for the clothing. He was just starting his second gallon when the cowboy returned. Bill was so big it took three ordinary coats and four pairs of pants to clothe him. Not only that, he was so plumb ignorant about dressing that the cowman had to act as his valet. The clothes gave him a new feeling of superiority and he told the cowman he was ready to quit being a coyote and become a human being.

3

The cowman offered Bill one of his horses and the two started off for civilization. It was Bill's first

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mount and he enjoyed it even if the horse did not. The horse managed to carry Bill some ten or eleven miles and then collapsed, entirely spent. As it lay on the ground, heaving and gasping for breath, the cowpuncher pulled out his gun to end its pain. Before he could despatch the faithful animal Bill seized him by the arm. Without another word he stooped and lifted the horse to his shoulders, forelegs on one side and hind legs on the other, indicating to the cowpuncher that he should take the bridle and saddle and lead the way.

Just before sunset the strange pair reached their first stopping place. It wasn't the cowboy's home ranch but a place with wide open doors and a gilt-lettered sign that read "The Golden Swan Saloon." Bill put his burden down in a nearby stable and with the cowpuncher entered the saloon. He listened to the cowman order a drink and saw the bartender place two minute glasses before them. His companion filled his to the brim and with a muttered toast emptied it down his throat. Bill looked at his glass and then the bottle and then back at the glass. He couldn't get the tip of his forefinger into it. Seeing a full size tumbler near the barkeep he took it and filled it with the fluid in the bottle. As he drained it

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at a single gulp his eyes glistened and a slow, dreamy smile passed over his face.

"How's it taste?" asked the cowman.

"Kinda insinuat' like," said Bill. "Tastes like the stuff my mammy used to give me. I want some more!"

Right there was where the trouble broke out. If Bill had been content with his single tumbler full of old red-eye all would have been well. The barkeep could pass up one offense in the expectation of the new customer's trade but twice was too often. Poor Bill didn't know anything about money, all he knew was that he liked the liquor in the bottle. Living with the coyotes and catamounts had taught him to fight for what he wanted. Still, the bartender had a trick for men like Bill. He had learned a drink that took the starch out of the strongest man's legs. Yet neither operated according to schedule. With his hand on the bottle the bartender said:

"That last drink you took, mister, cost just four dollars and six bits. If you're aimin' to drink another of the same proportions I gotta have my money in add-vance."

The word money meant nothing at all to Bill but the restraining hand on the bottle was the red flag that sent him into action. He snatched the bottle from

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the bar and proceeded to fill himself another tumbler of rye. The next thing you knowed the barkeep's gun was a-barkin' right into Bill's middle. Bill paid no attention to the gun but went right on with his fillin' the glass and liftin' it to his mouth. Tender as Bill was in years his skin had attained a fine toughness that warded off the bullets. In after years when Bill would let anyone shoot at him point blank people said he wore a shirt of mail. That wasn't true. Bill's skin was like that of a hippopotamus, tough and thick, and the bullets they used in Texas in those days were only for letting daylight through ordinary humans. But that day all Bill had on was a huck shirt and don't forget he was still an unformed boy ten years old.

Well, Bill didn't care much for having that gun go off right in front of his face and he grabbed hold of the bartender pulling him right over the bar. He shook him a couple of times and then flung him out in the roadway in front of the saloon. Then one by one he threw out everyone in the place. He threw them with great accuracy; the first six he flung so they fell side by side with their heads to the north and their feet to the south, the second six went out side by side ranging east and west. Thirty-six he treated in this manner and when he had cleaned the

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place the erstwhile customers were all nicely stacked like a pile of railroad ties. Then he went out and picking up a great stone slab laid it across the top tier.

"Now, stay there quietly until I finish," he said as he returned to the bar.

Those who recall the old Golden Swan Saloon will remember the finely assorted stock of potent liquid refreshments that graced the back bar. The bartender knew very little of mixed drinks but he boasted that a man could ask for any straight drink and be served. The variegated colors caught Bill's boyish fancy and he hurried back to the bar to feast his eyes on the lovely colors and to sample the contents of each magic bottle. He went behind the bar and gazed admiringly at the pretty labels. They were just so much Greek to him but the colors dazzled his eyes. Bill was never what might be called a drunkard: he liked right well to get what he called an 'edge' and keep it going all day. He picked out a dozen of the prettiest colors and went over to a table.

"Bein' a real huming bein' 's got bein' a coyote skinned all holler," he said to the cowpuncher. "Help yourself," and he pushed a bottle of Old Parr Scotch across the table. For himself he picked out a bottle of creme de menthe not because of what it was

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but because he liked the color. He followed that with a bottle of yellow Chartreuse and then went on to a bottle that contained a colorless liquid that he thought was water. He tried to spell out the simple letters that read Gin but gave it up lest he mar the complete enjoyment of the contents. He allowed that gin was the best water he had ever drunk. He finished the bottles he had brought to the table and though he admitted they had wonderful flavors they only gave him a pale glow.

Outside the barroom he saw a Mexican peon lolling in the shadows.

"I'm a coyote," yelled Bill, lapsing into his former savage manner. "I want mescal! Go get some. Bring some pulque for a chaser. Pronto, you greaser!"

By this time the cowman was under the table dead drunk. Bill yawned and noticed it was getting dark. When the peon returned with the stronger drinks Bill frightened him into lighting the oil lamps. In the new light Bill took stock of the place: in one corner he saw an old hurdy-gurdy. Turning the crank he found that it emitted sweet sounds. He made the peon turn the handle while he enjoyed his tipples. He fell into a dreamy contemplation of his new estate. He decided that on the whole he would remain a human being.

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Then something happened that made his decision more emphatic. Some human beings with short skirts and long hair came into the barroom. They were the prettiest humans he had ever seen and one came over and seated herself at his table.

"Hello, big boy! When did you drift in?" she asked.

"I'm a coyote," said Bill, blushing.

"Yeah! I've heard you sheep-herders talk before. Just in from the range and crazy as a bat. What's the matter with your friend on the floor? Drunk? Where's the rest of the crowd?" She noticed that Bill did not seem to understand her many questions. "Where's the crowd that drank all the likker that was in them bottles?"

Stupidly and somewhat drunkenly Bill pointed to the pile of men outside the door.

"My gosh, big boy! Is that part of your work? Well, I'll say you are some lad. Be a nice man and buy me a drink."

Bill got up and again went behind the bar. He grabbed as many bottles as he could carry and returned to the fascinating human being at the table. He poured out a tumblerful of rye whisky and passed it to her.

"Lookyhere, lad. I'm a bit dry and I need an eye-

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opener but I don't want to pass out this early in the evening." All this was just so much gibberish to Bill. He poured out a tumblerful of rye for himself and downed it without a frown. Again filling his glass he gazed about the room. Other human beings with skirts were sitting alone at other tables. With instinctive courtesy he offered each a bottle and returned to his table. He had tired of the sweet liquors and craved mescal and pulque. In fact, he had tired of all this novelty and wanted to sleep. His beloved coyotes were so far off that he knew he must find a new place to sleep and immediately recalled the horse in the stable. Forgetting the curious human being at his side he staggered out into the night. Once his eyes became accustomed to the darkness he saw that the pile of men had regained consciousness and were clamoring to be released. He removed the big slab from the top tier and let them up. Then he continued on to the stable.

The next morning he awoke with the sun and feeling just as bright. His bed-fellow, the spent horse of yesterday, was now on his feet and ready to travel. He looked about for his companion and gradually recalled the events of the previous evening. He liked human beings, especially those with skirts, and wanted to play with them. Much more fun than

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coyotes. So he made his way back to the Golden Swan. As soon as the bartender recognized him he passed him a fresh bottle of whisky. Bill drank a glass of the liquor and then, said to the barkeep:

"I'm a coyote——"

"After last night I'll say you're a whole pack of coyotes," said the barman, interrupting Bill. "In fact I'll say you're anything on earth if it will keep you quiet and happy."

"—and I want to be a human being," went on Bill.

This was too deep for the bartender and he said:

"That friend of yours is asleep in the back room. It's about time he was up and about. Go in and see."

The cowboy was awake and yawning. He looked at Bill and smiled sheepishly.

"How do you feel?" he asked.

"Right smart," answered Bill. "What do we do next?"

"Well, I reckon we better be gettin' along to the ranch. I'll make a cowpuncher out of you."

If Bill had been more wise in the ways of the world he would have remained at the Golden Swan. He might have become a sheriff, or a marshall. Failing those he could have at the least become a bouncer in the cafe or a barboy. Instead of that he goes right to the bottom of the social scale and becomes a cow-

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puncher. But Bill had character and though he never got over his love of strong drink he became one of the West's greatest men.

4

Just before sunset a strange pair reached their destination. True, it was not the home ranch, but merely a linerider's shanty, occupied by Bill's discoverer and another cowman. Their time on the outpost was almost up and in a few days they expected to depart for the bunkhouse and regular cooked meals. This much the cowman confided to Bill as they approached the place. The question of Bill's future had come into the mind of his benefactor, and he was not quite certain as to how the boy would be received at the home ranch. A youngster of his size who could carry a crippled horse across his shoulders was a strange creature. Then the problem of getting a mount for him presented itself. Clothes, too, were something to ponder over. He could hardly appear before the women of the ranch with three coats that barely met and two pairs of trousers on each leg.

The cowpuncher and his partner were resourceful men, however, and between three and four blankets and several cowhides they managed to tailor a very respectable suit of clothes before the time arrived to

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take Bill home with them. It was decided that, in lieu of other means of conveyance, Bill would have to walk.

In the meantime Bill had a few days in which to become accustomed to civilization. He learned to eat cooked food, which he liked very much, thus diminishing the immediate supply. Indeed, he was obliged to run out and catch a deer to replenish the sadly depleted larder. His remarkable appetite followed him through life and was more than once known to strain the resources of the most opulent host.

Bill was becoming a human being rapidly. The clothing irked his body so long used to complete freedom of action and the four walls of the hut seemed to imprison him. His natural curiosity, however, restrained any desire to flee. The human being, so long held in abeyance, was asserting itself over the animal training, and Bill began to wonder what the great world looked like. He waited with impatience and excitement the day which would mark their departure for the home ranch and when that day came he was up early and eager to be away.

It was a long trek from the linerider's shack to the home ranch and the two cowmen felt that the distance would be too great for their mounts. Their original plan had been for Bill to ride one horse for

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a mile or so, or, until he began to sag in the middle. Bill would then change to another mount and so on until they reached their destination. Finally Bill told them that he could run faster and farther than any horse if he had to, and it was agreed that he should accompany them on foot. Thus a more circumspect arrival might be made than if they arrived with four broken-down horses: even if the people misunderstood Bill's traveling on foot and took him for a tramp.

Happily the Boss was sober when they arrived at the home ranch, and on hearing the story of the finding of Bill, made the boy his protégé. He reckoned Bill might make a fair cowhand when he got his growth, and that he would be worth his salt as a chore boy around the ranch until that time came.

Thanks to his native intelligence and ability, Bill soon mastered the simple tasks which were given him. He was able to accomplish many things beyond the strength of the cowhands, and his services were soon sought by all, from the Boss himself down to the cook's flunkey. He was especially useful on butchering days, being able to take a whole carcass in his arms and carry it to the kitchen. As his strength grew, so did his appetite. The amount of food which he could consume at a single meal was prodigious.

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A whole sheep was nothing to him, while a cold roast turkey made a mere snack between meals. His body, under the influence of a proper diet, increased until he could no longer occupy his bunk in comfort and a special bunkhouse had to be built for him.

Then came the day on which he was promoted from chore boy to full-fledged cowhand. It was an event. A feast was held to which all the ranchers from miles around were invited. Bill was formally named "Pecos Bill," in honor of the country from which he had come, and he furnished entertainment for the guests by performing feats of great strength and skill. A tug-of-war was organized in which Bill alone opposed ten men on horseback, being able to haul them around as he pleased. In his immense arms he carried a barrel full of rye whisky, then drained it to the last drop by himself. This feat excited particular admiration among the guests, some of whom were men of no small capacity themselves. He raced against the swiftest horses and won with ease, and in a shooting match threw immense boulders farther and more accurately than the best rifle shot could do with powder and lead. At last the fiesta ended and the guests departed with a final and rousing cheer for Pecos Bill, the cowhand. Few among them realized

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that this same Pecos Bill was to become the greatest rancher of them all and the hero of a thousand camp-fire tales to a generation yet unborn.

5

Only one obstacle blocked the way to his becoming a top hand. No horse could be found which was strong enough to carry his weight. One or two large ones were tried out, but those which did not break down under him were unable to take a step. He himself solved the difficulty. He received permission from the Boss to absent himself from the ranch for a few days, at the end of which time he promised to return with a suitable string of ponies, broken and ready to ride.

In those days there were comparatively few settlers between the Pecos River and the Rio Grande and the mountains were full of immense grizzly bears. Bill determined to secure one for a mount. These bears were not the ordinary grizzlies of today. They were of a nobler race, of huge size and great strength, and exceedingly ferocious. A medium size grizzly bear of that country and time would stand some eighteen hands at the shoulder, with corresponding breadth and length. A really large one would run two or three hands higher, while the cubs

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at birth were about the size of an ordinary Jersey cow.

Within two days of his entry into the mountains Bill came across the trail of a herd of these mighty bears. He followed their tracks until he came within sight of them slowly climbing the side of a great mountain. While most of the herd were of the common run his sharp eyes soon discovered the leader. What a mighty beast he was! Bill estimated his height at about twenty-one hands and his length at twenty-nine feet. Subsequent measurement showed the estimate to be a close one, as the bear actually was twenty hands three inches, while his length was just over twenty-eight feet. But how to capture the monster?

Bill's native ingenuity came to his rescue. Despite his own abnormal strength and speed he knew he could never hope to run the grizzly down and throw him. He saw that the herd was slowly making its way to the foot of a cliff which cut the mountain at this spot. Running to the top of the precipice he found himself nearly over the great bear, which was at that time about a hundred feet below him. Carefully estimating the distance and angle he leaped off into space. So precise had his calculations been that he

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landed squarely upon the bear's back, facing forward, as he had aimed.

Then began an epic struggle. Which should master, man or beast? The grizzly bucked and bellowed, ripped and roared. He twisted, he sun-fished, he snorted and plunged. He reared and pitched and changed ends time after time, but Bill never moved an inch on his back. For hours the contest continued, the other bears circling close as if to aid their stricken leader. Then the huge bear weakened. His bucking and snorting slowed up and Bill knew he had him. Now came the time for further action. Seizing a limb from a monster oak he used it as a quirt and belabored the bear's flanks unmercifully. He pulled his ear and kicked him in the ribs until the bear's roars of anger turned to screams of pain and fear. Finally, as the sun was sinking below the horizon, the hairy monster gave up the struggle; he had met his master.

It must not be supposed that Bill escaped without a scratch. In spite of his strength and skill the bear had left his marks and he lost more than a gallon of blood from the numerous cuts and bruises which covered his body. His first thought was of his stomach which should be easy to fill with so much food in sight. Within five minutes he had caught and killed a fat yearling cub. Striking a hard rock with his fist

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he soon kindled a fire over which he broiled the meat. His appetite appeased, he laid himself down on a bed of soft rocks and slept calmly until the first rays of the rising sun awakened him.

That day was given over to breaking and training his new mount. In a few hours the animal, now gentle as a kitten, was taught to gallop and to stop dead in his tracks, to turn like a flash, to back and whirl and to take a fast running walk. In short, he was given all tricks of a good cow horse. With the aid of his new mount Bill caught four other bears, selected for their size and strength, though none could equal his top bear. Each one of the four showed promise of making a good working animal and Bill was thoroughly proud of his remuda.

There was great rejoicing when Bill returned to the ranch. Another fiesta was held, more elaborate than the first. Songs were sung in honor of Pecos Bill and his remuda and the guests feasted and danced far into the night.

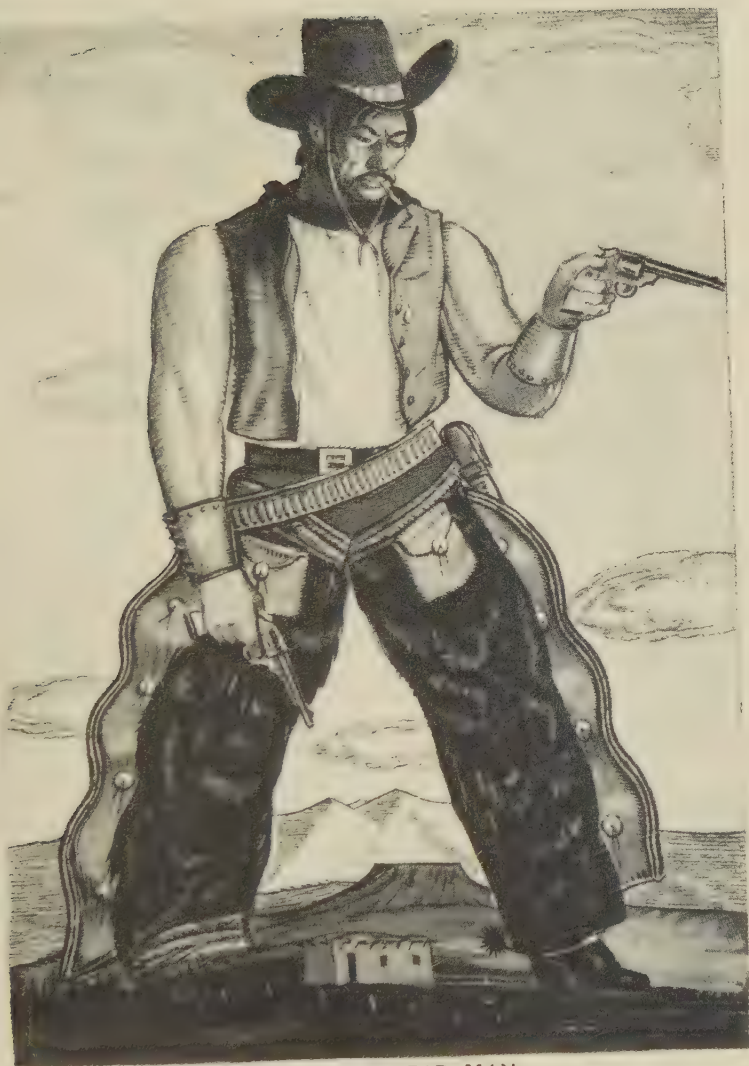
6

It is not generally known that Pecos Bill revolutionized the entire cattle business. At the time he was made a full-fledged cowhand it was the custom of cowboys to trap the cattle. That is, they treated them

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nice and gentle and never got rough. When they wanted to catch a cow they would put out a piece of bait, salted hay or a sugar cake, and then lie in wait for a cow to fall for the lure. Sometimes they used decoys, female cows who had been trained for the purpose. Then a hundred or so cowboys would hide in the bushes and long grass and wait until the cow had walked into the trap. Then they would all close in about the trapped animal and bind its legs. After that they would blindfold it and lead it to the corral that was to be its new home. Sometimes the cow would get away and then the whole hundred cowboys would chase it screaming and shouting at the tops of their voices, very often scaring the poor cow almost to death. But cowboys were really boys in those days and it wasn't until Bill got in his good work that the cows were punched.

First of all he invented the lariat and the six-shooter. He found that his grizzly remuda was all right for line-ranging but not adapted for the fast work he had planned. He began by picking out the largest horses he could find and breeding them to produce the size and type he needed. Within two years he had evolved a breed that he later brought to a very high standard. He kept his secret so well



PECOS BILL—BAD MAN

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that only sage-brush born Texans have ever seen any of them.

His first plan was to let the cowboys set the baited trap and when the cow entered he would go after it with his lariat. This was but a slight improvement. He then taught the cowboys how to use the lariat and sent them out on their own. Bill brought in thirty cows on his best day which was twice as many as one hundred old-fashioned cowboys could bring in. Old Man Duggan of the Cross-Eyed O Ranch said Bill was worth almost five hundred old-fashioned riders.

Bill got pretty tired of doing most of the work on the Cross-Eyed O Ranch and quit. It only went to show how set in their ways the old cowboys were. Just as soon as Bill was out of sight they went back to their old way of seducing steers.

Now that he was away from the playground Bill decided he was going out to find the real West. He passed quite a few cow outfits but he could tell at a glance they were too tame for him.

"I want a rip-roarin' bunch of untamed mavericks that ain't 'fraid o' nuthin'," he murmured to himself as he rode into the setting sun. "None of these ladies' aid cow crowds for Pecos Bill. I want a gang of hand-picked hellions that don't give a hoot whether they're in hell or Hoboken. Men that ain't afraid o'

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murder, arson or mayhem, men who stand up to drink. I want to meet men who ain't afraid o' nuthin' includin' wild-cats and catamounts. I'm a he-coy-ote!" He did not permit his savage nature to overcome the human being.

He traveled for three days and two nights when he came upon a bunch who looked like a lot of cut-throats. Unlimbering his guns and spurring his horse he rode into that gang yelling "whoop—eeee—yi—yippee!" and scared the whole gang back into the month before last. They just fell over each other like a bunch of Kansans beating it from a twister. That bunch of cowboys never did stop running and some of them may be seen to this day running up and down the Rocky Mountains.

He continued on to the westward looking hard as he could for some human beings who could be coyotes when they felt like it. Crossing Arizona his horse stumbled into a prairie dog hole and broke a leg. Bill put him out of his misery and went on afoot. He slung his saddle over his shoulder and kept his eyes peeled for some excitement. He was slow to anger up but the intense loneliness was getting on his nerves and he swore a cerise streak. Swearing was an art with Bill and he invented most of the best cuss

PECOS BILL

words now in use. That boy sure left his mark on American culture.

Only a slight incident marred the serenity of his fourth day. While he was walking along with his saddle over his shoulder he met a rattlesnake looking for trouble. The rattler must have known something because he did not give the usual warning rattle but just lifts up on his tail and hurls himself at the boy. Bill ducked to one side and laughed. A little scrap might relieve the monotony. He was giggling to himself: here was the first locoed rattler he had ever met. The rattler seemed anxious to fight and Bill, to make matters even, let the snake take a couple of bites first. That did two things: it made Bill mad and it gave him a reason for fighting. He weaved into that reptile and knocked the poison out of him. After about fifteen minutes of as pretty fighting as any snake ever walked into he yelled for mercy. Bill patted him on the back and threw him and the saddle over his shoulder.

When he had gone some hundred and fifty miles farther a great big catamount sprang off a cliff and landed on Bill's shoulders. This catamount was famous all over Arizona and New Mexico. He had frightened every cowman and rancher in the two states. He was as big as three steers and a yearling and

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except when he was hungry as lazy as any section hand. He had been known to wait until a cowhand had roped a steer and then chase him off and eat the carcass. The catamount must have thought Bill was one of the chaps he could frighten. With one hand he lifted that cat off his shoulders and with the other he slapped him across the muzzle. While the cat was urging his teeth and claws to get into action Bill unloaded his saddle and let the snake mind it for him. Then he waded into that catamount. It wasn't but a few moments that the cat knew he had met his master and yelled for mercy. This catamount begun the fight like a lion and wound up like a pole-cat.

Bill looked the cat over approvingly and then cinched his saddle on him and using the snake as a quirt started down that canyon hell-bent for breakfast.

That catamount was probably the most surprised animal that ever lived. This having a man on its back, digging spurs into his flanks, and quirting him down with a rattler, was something his mother had not told him about when she weaned him. He tried to throw Bill but that only added to the rider's enjoyment. The cat went down the canyon in one hundred and twenty-eight foot leaps, screaming at the top of

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his lungs. What with Bill letting out his old war cry, "Whoop—eeee—yi—yippee" and the snake rattling his best you can bet they left nothing to the imagination.

For once Bill was traveling the way he liked. The catamount rode like the president's car on the Sante Fe Railroad. Within three hours of their start they came upon a branding gang sitting about a chuck-wagon. They rode into that gang with everything open wide all night. Grabbing the cat by the withers he yanked him back on his hindquarters and hopped off.

Bill looked at the gang of cowhands and the gang of cowhands looked at him. The gang just sat and said nothing, nothing at all.

"Howdy," said Bill. Then he walked over to the stove and filled him a pan of beans and a twelve quart pail full of coffee.

With the usual run of strangers these cowhands were a rough crowd, not the kind of lads that would permit themselves to be imposed upon. Yet they made no protest when they saw Bill take the food of twelve men for his own meal. For once in his life Bill was too hungry to talk or to fight and if the eating cowhands had any intentions of resenting his intrusion

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they should have begun right there. Instead they sat silent and watched him relish their food.

When he had finished eating Bill wiped his mouth on his sleeve with a truculent gesture.

"Where's the boss o' this here outfit?"

"Here I am, sir," said a big fellow about ten feet tall who wore four layers of pistols around his waist and had bowie knives sticking out of all his pockets.

"You boss o' this outfit?" demanded Bill.

"I was until you arrived, sir. What are your orders?"

Just as nice as any gentleman could expect. No fuss, no dirt, no smoke. Little Americans should always remember that very often a gentleman may appear in rags but he will force others to respect him. Pecos Bill was a big, soft-hearted lad and he did not want to take the bread out of the boss's mouth. So he said, magnanimously:

"That was understood. I make you assistant boss. You and your men will go on doing what you were doing when I arrived. Then report back to me for further orders."

While he was with this outfit Bill made a lot of improvements in cowpunching. He staked out New Mexico as a corral and used Arizona as a pasture. Bill taught the boys all he knew about roping cattle

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and a lot of new tricks as well. He gave them the name of The Hob-Nailed Hannyhans and the outfit became known all over the West. First they drove the buffalo out of Texas and then they introduced long-horned cattle. Bill did things properly and had matters running so smoothly that it almost spoiled the fun of cowpunching. If it wasn't for his new horse, the gift of the Hannyhans, he would have died of ennui.

The boys had found it while ranging. It was far too big for any of them and yet it was only a gangling colt. At first Bill thought it was one of his old breed that had strayed from his first ranch but he was mistaken. This colt came from a race that was bred ten thousand feet above sea level. He was a spirited animal and Bill resolved that he should be brought up properly. He fed him first on mescal and pulque and after he had attained his full growth he fed him on stick dynamite and nitro-glycerin. After he had broken him Bill was the only man who could ride him. But Bill could ride anything. Once he rode a Kansas cyclone.

First of all, it must be admitted that Pecos Bill was a little tight at the time. He was not given to boasting but the rest of the boys were telling how good they were and our hero joined in. He had been

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drinking his favorite tippie for a couple of weeks and it had gotten into his tongue. He boasted he could ride anything from a grizzly to a cyclone, slick-heeled and without a saddle. To make a long story short, a cyclone came along at that moment to accommodate him.

An eye-witness tells the story:

"He met the cyclone, one of the worst ever known, up on the Kansas line. Bill eared it down and climbed on its back. That ol' tornady did some pitchin' that's nigh unbelievable, and they were a lot others who seed it.

"Down across Texas it went sun-fishin', back-flip-pin', knockin' down mountains, blowin' holes in the ground, an' tyin' rivers into knots. The Staked Plains use' to be heavily timbered until that big wind swiped the trees off'n it and left it a barren prairie.

"Bill just set up there, thumbin' that tornady in the withers, floppin' it across the eyes with his hat, pullin' its ears, an' all the time, he was a-rollin' cigarettes with one hand. He rode it through three states but over Californy it got him.

"When it saw it couldn't throw him, it rained out from under him. This is proved by the fact that it washed out the Grand Cañon. Bill came down kerplunk in Californy. The spot where he lit is now

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known as Death Valley, a big hole in the ground more'n three hundred feet below sea-level, and the print of his hip pockets can still be seen in the solid rock."

Others, who insist they were eye-witnesses, say those markings were made when Bill finally threw the cyclone.

7

Pecos Bill had an ear for music and was a composer of note. He wrote all the cowboy ballads and songs, among them "The Old Chisholm Trail." He wrote the first wild west stories and directed the first western films. In fact, if it was not for Bill's ingenuity, Hollywood would be out in the Pacific Ocean. That was the time of the big tidal wave out in the middle of the ocean. Bill got the Hob-Nailed Hannyhans together and threw up breast-works to save the cattle country. These are now known as the Rocky Mountains.

Before he was eighteen Bill was made High Sheriff of all the Great West. He ranged up and down the prairies and mining towns arresting and destroying bad men. In some places he was called the Singing Sheriff. He had one weakness besides liquor and that was beautiful women. He loved all the girls and it

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was while he was on his rounds that he met the girl who was destined to become his bride. She was a winsome little squaw known as Slue Foot Sue. She had copper colored hair, jet black eyes and lily white teeth. Bill always said she was the sweetest little squaw he ever knew. She lived with her folks over in Arkansas on the Washita River, and each night after chow, Bill would mount his horse and go over to visit her. It was Sue, by the way, who gave Bill the name for his horse. One day some of her tribesmen had tried to ride the horse and after each attempt there was a new widow in the tribe. With a mischievous look in her eye she called him 'the widow maker' and the name stuck.

Sue was some rider herself and what made Bill love her was when he saw her riding a catfish down the Washita River with only a surcingle. Catfish in the Washita River are bigger than the whales off Cape Cod and ten times as spirited.

Bill asked Sue to be his bride and she consented on condition that he would settle down with her and Widow Maker. He must give up his job of sheriff and start ranching and ranging on his own. He bought a little house on the Pecos River and furnished it beautifully. Before she would go before a dominie, however, there were two things she wanted.

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The first she wanted before the ceremony and the second was to remain a secret until they were married.

The first was a brand new bustle. Bill held up forty wagon-trains and three transcontinental limiteds before he found one good enough for her. It was a beauty, made of the finest steel and whalebone. She put it on for the ceremony and she looked real swell, just like a member of the Four Hundred.

When the sky-pilot told them they were welded tighter than eggs to fried ham Bill asked what else she wanted. When she told him he turned pale and would have fallen had she not held his arm. No man had ever ridden Widow Maker and here was his bouncing bride demanding that she be permitted to ride him. Unwilling as he was to give his consent he was a man of his word and immediately went about making preparations.

He took Widow Maker aside and explained the situation to him, how he was to act and it seemed that the horse knew just what he was talking about.

He led the horse out in front of the house and gave him the final word:

"Lookyhere, Widow Maker. She's my bouncin' bride and she's goin' to ride you. You goin' to be a nice hoss and treat her kind an' gentle?"

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The big horse nodded his head and Bill helped his bride to mount. The young husband stood at the horse's head until Sue was all set. Then he let go. So, too, did Widow Maker. Later investigation showed that the trouble had been caused by the lady's feet. No horse could have stood being tickled in that fashion.

The horse bucked and heaved so hard and with such force that she immediately headed heavenward. She went so high that she had to duck her head to let the moon go by. Matters might not have become so serious if she had not been wearing her new bustle. Bill never lost sight of her and as she was returning to the earth he was all set to catch her in his arms.

That grand bustle, standing out behind her caught the wind, and she caromed over against a mountain and started right back again for the moon. This time she went over the moon, it had to dip a bit to let her pass. The moon, wise old planet that he was, had had one glimpse of those feet and knew that if either of them ever struck him he would go into a total and permanent eclipse. Sue just went on bouncing between the earth and the moon while Bill stood by imploring his bride to get her feet on the ground and stop being so all-fired nervous. Then Bill, for the first time in his life, shed great salt tears. He could not

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save his bouncing bride and as she kept up her playing day after day he despaired of ever getting his arms about her. For once in his life he was up against a problem that defied solution. Not even his great intellect could cope with it.

After she had bounced for twenty-three nights and twenty-two days Bill suddenly realized that his bride was slowly starving to death. Something must be done at once. He had tried lassoing her and failed. He had thrown her a rope to catch so that she might be pulled down. There was nothing left to do but to put her out of her misery. He put his arm across his face and mercifully shot her.

Even to this day the body of Slue Foot Sue is sometimes seen crossing the moon. If it is seen on a young bride's wedding night she knows it is a sign that she must never ride a horse or disobey her husband.

Bill went pretty wild after Sue's death. He became boastful and loved to show off before great crowds. On one occasion he took out his lariat and roped a whole herd of steers at one time. In a storm he would roll a cigarette and reach up and grab hold a bolt of forked lightning to use as a match. He, in one of his very ornery moments, invented centipedes and tarantulas as a joke on his friends. One rather veracious historian tells of a feat of Pecos Bill's that has

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never been equalled. Bill had a little dog who was fond of chasing buffalo. He would grab them by the ear and hold them until his master arrived. Then Bill would skin the buffalo alive and turn it loose to grow a new hide. It worked fine in the summer, but in the winter the buffalo all caught colds and died.

Driven to desperation by the pangs of loneliness he could no longer find it in his heart to stay in the cottage he had built and furnished for his bride. He resolved that he could no longer live with human beings and planned to return to his boyhood friends. He saddled Widow Maker and rode off toward the Golden Swan Saloon. For three days and four nights he traveled before he came to that oasis in the Texan desert.

Arriving there at sun-up he was sitting on the porch when the bartender arrived. Just as soon as the bar was opened the man pushed several bottles in front of his early visitor. Although he had grown and filled out the barkeep recognized him. Bill drank several bottles of various liquors but they had the same effect on him as so much water. Grief made him a shell of his former self.

"I'm a coyote," he bellowed, but he fooled no one. The bartender thriftily withdrew the bottles that were standing on the bar. Never had a man of great

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courage been so humiliated but Bill was too sick to resent the insult.

He tried mescal and pulque but both left him cold. He tried strychnine and other kinds of wolf poison. After a while they wore off. Then he took to nitroglycerine. Bill found he could get pretty drunk on that stuff and also that he could not digest it. Each day he would add a quart to his system and managed to keep fairly well boiled.

One day a peddler came along selling all sorts of notions. Someone told Bill that if he bought some of the peddler's fish-hooks and added them to his toddy they would help. While he was making a selection Bill's eyes lighted on a pocket mirror. When he saw how ugly he was he dashed off the fish-hooks at a single swallow.

That night while he was sleeping two of the fish-hooks came together in his innards and gave off a little spark. It was all that was needed and Pecos Bill was found plastered over the scenery for miles around. The place where he died, to use a milder term, is now known as the Burned Lands.

PAUL BUNYAN



PAUL BUNYAN

PAUL BUNYAN

MIGHTIEST OF LOGGERS

I. BOYHOOD

SOME of these Scandihovians out of Skowhegan insist they knew Paul Bunyan when he was a babe in arms. That was down in Maine. Well, you can't very well call a man a liar unless you know he is one and can lick him in case he proves you're wrong. Most of these Scandihovians know how to use their fists and feet and I didn't raise my face to be hobnailed. Perhaps they remember somebody else. Then again they *may* remember him when he was a babe in arms but in *whose* arms? Not his mother's. She was just plain folks, same as your mother and mine. Then these Scandihovians go on to tell how Paul, when he was but three weeks old became restless in his sleep and rolling over destroyed three-four acres of standing timber.

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Then, they go on, his father, who was also a logger, built him a floating cradle out of oak that had been laying in a swamp for sixty-four years. This floating cradle was anchored off Eastport and every time little Paul became restless he caused a sixty foot tide in the Bay of Fundy. This happened so often that many villages and towns were washed away. Some red-hat up in Canada complained to the King of England and the Royal Navy was sent across the Atlantic to protect the Canadian shore. Then one night when Paul was restless the Royal Navy began shelling his cradle and after five hours Paul jumped out and sank five of His Britannic Majesty's biggest ships. Then the Royal Navy seized the cradle and used the fine, old oak to build seven new warships. Nova Scotia was saved from becoming an island but the big tides in the Bay of Fundy are still there.

Now, anyone can see that it's a little too much when a Scandihovian says he knew Paul when he was a babe in arms.

Another story they tell of the playfulness of little Paul is the one about the bedposts. Mr. and Mrs. Bunyan were asleep in their big four-poster bed. The little tyke got out while they slept and taking an ax chopped the four posts from under their bed. The folks noticed when they got up in the morning

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that they were closer the floor than when they went to sleep. Mr. Bunyan investigated and sure enough he found those eight by tens laying on the floor and the ax in the kid's hand.

"That kid's going to be the great logger of Maine one of these days, mark my words," said Mr. Bunyan. "He'll be a bigger logger than any of these Scandihovians and French-Canucks. Wouldn't be at all surprised to see him go over to Canada and make a real reputation for himself."

Paul's father was right. Paul Bunyan became the world's greatest logger before he was twenty. And he wasn't satisfied with that but did a lot of things for the good of the whole world, inventions, improvements and the like. Sometime I'll tell you about Paul Bunyan and Jim Hill, fellow who built the Northern Pacific.

No one knew how old he was when he was lost sight of and no one ever saw him after he died nor saw his grave. Must be still alive somewhere up in Alaska, that's my guess. Some folks tell me he's down in the Texas oil fields but I know they're wrong. That's another big chap named Kemp Morgan, an all 'round good hand in his way but he isn't Paul Bunyan, not by a long shot. Anyway, Paul wouldn't have anything to do with oil because oil means machines

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and if there was one man that loathed machinery it was Paul Bunyan. No, if you're looking for a man named Bunyan you'd better go up Alaska way and hold your ear to the ground. He always made a lot of noise when he was working and it will be easy to locate him if he is there.

But I'm getting ahead of my story.

Paul logged off the better part of Maine before he got out of short pants. There's really only second growth timber there now. Then he went up to Quebec and did a mite of work there. Those bare spots show the places where Paul did his Canadian logging. He took off all the really big timber and left the saplings for ordinary swamper.

Another fellow tells the story that he knew Paul Bunyan when he was in school. This Svenska must have been lying. When I knew Paul he couldn't read nor write, he could only draw pictures of what he wanted. Time was when he needed new grindstones and drew some pictures of them. The contractors saw them differently and sent him a car-load of doughnuts. That's another story. As for figgering Paul kept all his accounts on a notched stick.

To get back to this Svenska fellow and his story that he went to school with Paul. He says the lad could just get his body into the school and even at

PAUL BUNYAN

that he had to be pulled through the door. He took up four seats and five desks and his head was up in the belfry. His slate was a slab out of the Green Mountains in Vermont and his pencil was a forty-two foot sapling from the Petrified Forest.

But you can't believe half these Svenskas say. Ask any Norwegian to tell you about them.

It all sounds well enough but those of us who worked with Paul and knew him as well as anybody could will tell you he'd never been the great logger he was if he had a schooling. If he had been able to read and write one of those big colleges down east would have made him an offer to join their football team. All Paul would ever have gotten out of it would be to have his picture in the papers.

So, after all, all we know about Paul Bunyan's childhood was that it was spent in Maine and Quebec and that he was rather big for his age. That was quite right for he was brought up on moose milk and weaned on down east hard cider.

II. YOUTH

There's no way of telling just when Paul Bunyan did go west. He turned up in Michigan one day and asked Old Man Curry for a job. Curry was the biggest lumberman in the state and he liked the quiet

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aggressiveness in Paul's manner. The boy must have been fourteen or fifteen at the time. No one ever got the measure on him and all sorts of scalers tried to estimate his height as they would a tree. Paul was sensitive about his height and did all he could to discourage attempts to find out how big he was. Once he caught some civil engineers with their transit leveled on him. What he did to those engineers and chainmen was not what could be called civil.

Young Pete Curry, who was a pretty hefty lad himself, said Paul was upward of thirty cubits but none of us knew what a cubit was so that didn't prove anything. However, Pete, that is, Old Pete, who stood seven feet nine in his socks, would pull himself up to his fullest height and lean his head against Paul's knee-cap. That will give you some idea of his height when he was fourteen-fifteen years old. Only when you've heard all of Paul's story will you know how strong he was. On one point all folks agree: that is he was a man of great and natural beauty with a great shock of curly black hair. Another was that he never lacked in courage and inventiveness. His voice, at times as gentle as a mother speaking to a well-beloved child, was upon occasion a roar that shook the birds and leaves from the trees for miles about. Once, when he was hungry and unarmed, he

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bellowed at a big bull moose some three miles away. The moose stood in his tracks frozen with fright until Paul came up and dispatched him with his bare hands.

He did all sorts of crazy things to the animals of the North Woods. When he was really happy he liked to race about the forests shouting at the top of his voice, singing, whistling, making any noise that suited his immediate mood. He frightened all the wild animals out of their natural growth. One day he chased a pair of bears all the way to the Arctic Circle, so terrifying them that their hair turned white and, in constant fear of the big boy with the big voice, they stayed there and raised a family. The little bears were all white and their descendants are called polar bears. Other grizzly cubs were scared out of all growth and they and their offspring remain small and of a lighter color. Moose became so afraid of him that they lost their great courage and became emaciated and a new race grew up and became known as deer, noted for their timidity. The boy, Paul Bunyan, did all that though he did much to atone for it after he grew to manhood. Foxes and wolves have deteriorated since the boy ran amok in the North Woods and today we listen to tales of the

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great sizes of these animals with an easy tolerance. Let the old men tell their tales of other days.

Paul was so fast on his feet that he could blow out the bunkhouse light and get into his bunk before it became dark.

On one occasion he gave his knowledge of woodcraft full play. He took his moose-terrier, Elmer, the dog that was brought up on bear milk, and went off for a hunting holiday. With the aid of Elmer he quickly found a fresh trail and followed it like an Indian. When they came in sight of the moose, a fine young yearling bull, he matched coins with the dog to see who would take it. Elmer won the toss and quickly dispatched the moose. Paul made the dog drag the carcass back to camp.

Then following the moose tracks back he continued on until he came to the animal's birthplace. He hung around for a few days until the cow-moose came up and Paul told her of her son's death. The poor cow broke down and cried bitterly: Paul, ever tender-hearted, loaned her his handkerchief and consoled her as best he could.

Paul must have been pretty tall. Even back in Maine they said that when he was eight years old he had a stride of seven feet, three toes. What must it

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have been when I met him at his camp on the Big Onion?

Like all great men he was secretive to a fault. He simply would not talk about himself. He knew he was the greatest logger of all time but no one ever heard him mention the fact. Two cuts was all he ever made in a Michigan tree; one on the river side and one on the land side. When he had finished work his fallen trees lay in serried ranks like sleeping soldiers. His endurance was so great he could work for several days without stopping for food or sleep. When tired he would eat sparingly and then drop to the ground and sleep. After twenty minutes he would rise and resume work.

It was while he was working for Old Man Curry that he first learned of his ingenuity. He studied the swing of his ax and decided that if there was a tree behind him he could cut that on the backward swing. He then invented the double-bit ax and wove a grass handle to make it pliant. Up and down the forest he went, one cut on the forward swing and another on the backward. When he worked this way he didn't fell his trees at once but waited until he had a full section cut. Then he would push over one tree and the whole file would go down, then another and whole rows went down at once. It made the snaking

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that much easier. Even in those uneventful days it took three hundred mule-skinners working day and night to snake Paul's cut to the river edge.

Another invention of Paul's was made while he was in the Curry camp. This was the grindstone that is used on every farm and in every factory today. Before Paul's time the axmen used to sharpen their tools by rolling rocks down hill and running alongside of them. It took an axman seven days to properly sharpen his ax and the waste of time, when you stop to think they had to be sharpened every other day, was something awful. Paul's first grindstone was so large that every time it made a single revolution it was pay-day. He built it for himself. It took two hundred engineers thinking for two months to adapt it so ordinary men could use it. Now you find them everywhere and does a man sharpening his ax ever give Paul Bunyan a thought?

III. BABE, THE BLUE OX

Just when and where Babe, the blue ox, came into Paul Bunyan's life is a matter for the historians. Some fellows in the deacon's seat say he was born during the winter of the blue snow. Others, equally positive, insist that he was born the previous summer when the rain came up from India. They all agree

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that he was pure white when he was born and that's just where I got them. If he had been born during that summer he would have gone through the November Red Rain and would have been red instead of blue. It seems to me that the blue snow was responsible for his beautiful coat of ultramarine blue. Well, anyway, I'm going to begin my story at that point.

He was only a newly-born calf when Paul found him, a little calf not more than two or three times as big as a full-grown Texas short-horn. He grew pretty fast. Paul used to tell us boys that when he was first able to travel with Babe he would close his eyes for five minutes and then open them to see how much the calf had grown. When he was eating well he would grow two feet in front and a whole yard in the rear in a single hour. Once he doubled in size on an eight mile walk. Most of this is hearsay. When Babe first got to be known around Michigan and Wisconsin he was already full grown. At maturity Babe measured forty-two ax-handles and a plug of Star tobacco between the eyes. Here again we meet with the quibblers. Some insist that he was but an even seven ax-handles between the eyes. To these conservatives it has been pointed out that the measuring was done with two different ax-handles. The correct measure was forty-two average ax-handles or seven of Paul's.

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Babe was as strong as the breath of a mule-skinner and he could haul off a whole section of timber without changing his cud from one side of his mouth to the other. He'd drag it to the nearest water, turn around and butt it into the river with his head. Babe was so long of body that it took Paul three whole days to make a tour of inspection to see if all four quarters were properly functioning. When he was teaming with the ox Paul used to carry a field telescope so he could see what the hind legs were doing.

Babe had a bad temper for everyone but his master. Once, in a fit of anger, he kicked out a mule-skinner's brains. Sourdough Sam, at Paul's direction, mixed up a fresh batch of sourdough and filled the cavity with the gummy stuff and in two-three days the mule-skinner was just as brainy as ever.

Another bad trait of the ox was to start off too suddenly and snap the logging chains. This was a real fault because every time Babe needed new chains they had to open up a new mine down in Pennsylvania. At other times he would pull so hard the chains stretched out like they was made of rubber. Paul experimented a little to see if he could make the iron tougher and harder and incidently invented steel. But steel was just as bad. Up in Michigan the winters are so cold that steel just shatters if you look

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at it. Not only that, when a new chain came up from Pittsburgh it took eight horses to drag in each link.

Paul got around it by inventing a buckskin harness. Everybody knows how buckskin stretches when it is wet and then shrinks when it becomes dry. Paul got the idea from his shoepeps. He used to wet them before he put them on and then sit with his feet to the fire. When they were dry his feet were snugly encased in good warm leather with no spaces where cobblestones and small hills could get in. He just applied the same principle to the buckskin harness.

Paul would take Babe down to the swamp and make up a big drag of timber. Then he would wet the harness, harness the ox and hitch up the timber. Babe would start off nice and easy just as if he didn't have any load and walk off to the river or where Paul was driving him. When they arrived Paul would take a hitch around a tree and release the ox. Soon as the sun got in its work the harness dried and the load eased itself up to where Paul wanted it. The best part of the buckskin harness was that there was no stopping for wet and slippery roads, broken chains or anything that usually troubles ordinary skimmers. Paul had enough sets of the harness made to last through three weeks of rain and four more weeks of cloudy weather.

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To show you just how strong Babe was and how necessary he was to Paul's happiness I'm going to tell you a story I saw with my own eyes. Into our camp there ran a road that was as crooked as a Philadelphia politician. That road was twenty-two miles long, as it went of its own accord. It doubled back on itself nine times, crossed itself eleven times, made four figure eights and three letter S's. Six times it rose up in the air and bumped itself on the nose and twice it turned over so that the skimmers walked upside down. In two places it committed malicious somersaults. As a matter of fact that road should not have been more than three-four inches over eight miles.

Paul had looked at that road several times. Once he stood for three weeks scratching his head and blinking his eyes. He walked along it for a few miles and met himself four times. Then a smile stole over his handsome features. Paul Bunyan always smiled when he had solved a difficult problem.

Calling to Babe to stand by he ordered all his eight hundred skimmers to start dragging in one of the old chains. It was a chain that Mr. Bessemer, the big steel man, had made with his own hands. When that chain was delivered to Paul he found a little tag tied to number one link. On the tag was written:

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*To Paul Bunyan with my love,
Henry Bessemer.*

Paul called Johnny Inkslinger and had him write a note of thanks to Mr. Bessemer. He did things right, did Paul.

Then he got Babe and started to tell him funny stories. He knew that unless the ox was in extra good humor the whole idea would be worthless and the effort a failure. For a whole month he played around with Babe, telling him the jokes he liked, romping with him and cutting up just like a pair of kids. Babe liked nothing better than having his belly tickled so Paul picked out twenty-four of his biggest and strongest loggers and cut them a lot of fir trees. Putting twelve on each side he bade them tickle the ox's belly. Then he went up and whispered more funny stories in Babe's ear. After a while he noticed that the corners of Babe's mouth were beginning to break into a smile. It was Paul's cue.

"Babe, old man, I'm asking you to do me a great favor. It's the toughest job you ever had and I'm counting on you. I won't tell you about it now but when I do ask you I know that you'll come through. Hey, Babe, *mon cher?*"

Then humming "Young Monroe at Gerry's Rock"

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in a quiet voice he ran along Babe's side tickling him the whole length of his great body, then around his stern and up the port side to his head. Stopping for a moment he burst out into song:

*Fair Clara did not long survive; her heart broke with
her grief,
And scarcely two months later death came to her re-
lief.
And when this time had passed away and she was
called to go,
Her last request was granted, to rest beside Young
Monroe.*

*Come all you brave shanty boys: I would have you
call and see
Those two green mounds by the riverside, where
grows the hemlock tree.
The shanty boys cleared off the wood, by the lovers
there laid low:
'Twas handsome Clara Vernon and our foreman,
Young Monroe.*

For three whole weeks Paul ran about singing and tickling the ox before he got him into the right humor. When Babe was happy he would snicker and stick out his tongue and roll his big blue eyes. What

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he was trying to do was to tickle Paul behind the ear. It was just the beginning of a merry game the two played. Babe would stick out his long tongue and Paul would try to duck. This went on for hours and hours. The twenty-four lumberjacks were working away tickling the ox's belly and Paul dodging away from his tongue. Then at last it came. A loud raucous laugh that was startlingly human.

Then Paul hooked one end of the logging chain to Babe's harness and tied the other end around the road. Babe, by this time, was wrinkling his tummy and giggling to beat the old Harry. Easing the ox into position Paul took his place on the off side.

"Now Babeee, now! Heave—ee—ho! Babe! Pull hard, *mon cher*. Pull hard for ol' Paul!"

And Babe heaved and pulled. His hind legs laid out straight behind him and his belly almost flat on the ground.

"Babe, pull. Come on, *mon bébé*. Heave!"

Babe's forefeet sunk eight feet into solid rock and then there was a loud crashing noise, shattering the ear-drums and the nerves of the swampers who were tickling Babe's belly. The deafening noise continued as the first mile of road gave away. Babe got a purchase with his hoofs and started off. The loud, crashing noises continued, trees tumbled over, great rocks

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were thrown north and south and the road itself screamed with pain as it was torn from its bed. Babe continued his straining march and the road did nothing but groan and complain and let go.

It took Babe three days of steady walking to get the whole road straightened out. But it was as straight as the path of rectitude when he got the order to stop pulling. Just as Paul had estimated it was only a few inches over eight miles long. He rolled up the remaining fourteen miles and sold it to the City of Chicago for a boulevard. When you hear a Chicagoan tell you how fine a street Michigan Boulevard is you will realize how low Chicago has fallen. It is to that city's everlasting shame that they did not name the boulevard after Paul Bunyan instead of the state where it came from. But every reader who wishes to honor the greatest logger that ever lived knows what to call it.

Feeding Babe was done by a separate department in Paul's camps. Down in Iowa he used three-quarters of the state to raise hay and grain for Babe alone. Transportation in those days was no small problem and Paul was forced to use every means to insure prompt and regular delivery of the ox's rations. Like all men he bagged the grain and baled the hay and shipped it by mule teams to his camp.

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Each wagon required four mules and by the time they had made the long trek from Iowa to Michigan or Wisconsin there wouldn't be much hay and grain left for Babe. Paul realized he would have to condense the loads and he invented an improved hay bailer and a grain condenser. Bales of hay contained more hay and took up but very little space. Grain was pressed into bricks less than six inches square. For a time these devices worked pretty nicely and Paul was able to lay off most of his lazy mule-skinners.

Then Babe got indigestion from the pressed grain and had trouble with his teeth on account of the hay-wire. Paul had twelve men constantly at work picking wire out of the ox's teeth and twenty-four more holding hot poultices against his tummy. Johnny Inkslinger, who was also a veterinarian, told Paul he had better cut out the pressed grain and feed Babe on unwired hay. That was during a pretty cold winter and the snowdrifts became so deep that even the pressed hay stopped coming. Babe pined and lost three tons before Paul decided what would cure him.

Getting some green glass he had Brimstone Bill, the blacksmith, fashion a great pair of spectacles. These he tied over Babe's eyes running the buckskin thong behind his horns. Then he turned him out in

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the snow. What Babe saw was not snow but great fields of rich, green grass. All the ox's system needed was a good flushing and by the time the hay wagons started coming in again everything was all right. Johnny Inkslinger, of course, took full credit for the cure.

During the summer months when work was slow Paul used to humor Babe a good deal. The men in Paul's camps always had hot griddle cakes for breakfast. Paul would make two enormous griddle cakes and make a big sandwich of green clover hay. This was a rare delicacy to the ox.

Babe liked nothing better than to play practical jokes on the men. He had a great trick of going to the lake from which the men drew their water and at one helping drink the whole lake dry. The men had to go thirsty and dirty until the lake filled up again. There was a cuter trick he had learned from Ole Olsen, the first assistant blacksmith. To me it sounds more like one of Sourdough Sam's jokes. After Babe would drink the lake dry he'd travel up the river that fed the lake. Here he would put one foot in the river and dam it up, remaining in one place for several days. No one in camp could move him when he was in a playful mood and only by holding a hotcake and clover hay sandwich two miles off could Paul get

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him away. But the blue ox's capacity for water once turned failure into success for Paul Bunyan.

Paul was consigning a couple of million feet of lumber to a man in Saint Louis. The straw boss, who was the same man who had had his brains kicked out by Babe and fixed up with sourdough, had been promoted and took the big rafts down the Mississippi. Although he had the best of Paul's rivermen he was careless and stupid. He had been told to take the logs to Saint Louis but forgot about it until he got to New Orleans. Louisiana had her own peculiar timber and wanted none of Paul Bunyan's. The straw boss sent word back to Wisconsin and asked for further orders. Paul sent a cryptic message: "When you get to Saint Louis stop there. P. Bunyan." This mystified the straw boss who was sitting on top of the lead tow. All at once the logs started to move upstream. When they arrived at Saint Louis they stopped of their own accord. All that stupid straw boss had to do was to get a receipt for his logs.

Only Paul ever knew how that trick was worked. It was pretty simple when you hear how it was done. All Paul did was to feed the blue ox an extra salt ration and drive him to the upper Mississippi to drink. Babe drank the river dry and sucked all the water upstream and the logs came up the river faster

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than they went down. Paul had figured out what time the logs would arrive at Saint Louis and at that moment took Babe off on another job.

Some folks say that Paul Bunyan dug the Great Lakes so that Babe would always have fresh water while others say the Mississippi was just a watering-trough for the blue ox. I know they're wrong and later on when I have time I'll tell you the truth about those bodies of water.

Although Brimstone Bill was the chief valet to Babe the duty of making shoes for the ox and fitting them was left to Ole Olsen. Once when Ole was carrying a shoe for Babe the smithy sank to his knees in solid rock.

Ole used to have a lot of trouble with the blue ox. Ole was no weakling; when he struck his anvil it could be heard in four states. On Sunday afternoons, which were devoted entirely to recreation, he would entertain the loggers with the Anvil Chorus and other music in which he used six anvils and thirty-one hammers. Ole was a trifle deaf, a defect that got him into sore trouble on more than one occasion.

Like all Swedes and children he never got caught twice on the same trick. That is, never except on one trick and it wasn't so much of a trick at that. At least it wasn't intentional on Paul's part. First time

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it happened was when Ole was shoeing the Babe's off hind foot. Paul came along and seeing the ox called to him. Ole's deafness was his undoing: he did not hear ol' Paul call to the ox and when the animal started off all the blacksmith could do was to hang on. Ole was eventually tossed into the next county and took a week and three days to get back to camp. He was a stolid chap and without saying a word to anyone began work where he left off. This time he fastened Babe's tether about his wrist so that if Paul called to him he would know it as soon as the ox. Paul did call Babe and Ole got the message just a wee shade too late. Babe started off and so did Ole but Ole was not traveling on his own power. He hit the ground at every quarter mile and would yell: "Har, noo, Babe! Har noo! I tank you batter stop. Ay tank so. Har noo, Babe!" But the Babe did not stop until he arrived at Paul's side some nine miles from the smithy.

To get a further and probably last idea of Babe's great size it might be well for you to turn to the map of Wisconsin. Wisconsin, be it known, was Babe's stable state. Paul always tethered the ox there during his periods of unemployment and those many small lakes are nothing else than Babe's hoofprints. This fact, in a manner, bears out the claim that Paul dug

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the Great Lakes to assure the ox plenty of water. The truth might just as well come out now as later.

Rumors about the big cypress trees that grew down in Louisiana had drifted up north to where Paul was working. He sent word down that just as soon as he had some spare time he'd make the trip and look things over. The men in the bull-pine woods decided they would grow a tree that would make Paul's eyes pop. They selected a nice sapling and began hauling manure around it. They pruned it and coaxed it. They bought a big crane and by systematically stretching it grew fourteen feet every night. By the time Paul arrived it was the biggest tree east of the nearest Californian.

After Paul started off from Michigan he found that Babe had a fever. He could neither postpone the trip nor leave Babe behind. So he did the next best thing. He took Babe in his arms and started off for Louisiana. It was pretty hot and the perspiration started rolling down from his broad forehead. Five times he cupped his free hand and wiped the perspiration from his face and five times he smacked it to the ground. Each smack hit the ground and made a dent and stayed where it fell. Believe it or not, those five smacks are today the Great Lakes. Paul saw in a minute that were he to continue wiping the sweat

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from his brow the United States would become a lake instead of a country and so he stopped that. Taking his knife he cut off a bit of his left shoe and let the perspiration roll down and out. Before that time the Mississippi had only been a brook; from that moment it became an honest-to-goodness river.

He kept on going until it was almost dark when he was crossing Colorado. Here Babe became so heavy that his off hind foot was dragging in the dirt. Just where it dragged is now known as the Colorado Cañon. Next day about noon he noticed his feet were getting a bit uncomfortable. He took off his shoes and emptied them of the stones and gravel they had accumulated on his long trip. He made a neat pile and you can see it yet. On the map it's marked as the Kiamichi Mountains.

Another thing happened to Paul while he was down Cajun land. The tree the boys were cultivating grew so tall that it stopped all the clouds and it rained for three weeks and eighteen minutes. The water was red. It drained off into a little valley and now, many years later, the water is still running, just as red as in the days it fell. They call it the Red River.

Once while making the trip he found a poor Cajun who was up against a tough job. He had his home in a hollow and wanted it on the hilltop where

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the floods would not molest it. He appealed to Paul Bunyan, who was no more than a passing stranger to the householder. Paul pondered for a moment and then hitched Babe to the house and pulled it up the hill. Then he went back to the hollow and hitched the ox to the cellar and dragged that up the hill.

You can see that Paul would not have been what he is if it wasn't for Babe, the blue ox.

Paul's logs were always preferred to those of other loggers because they were peeled. Paul admitted he could not have achieved this without the aid of Babe. When he wanted to peel a log he hitched the ox to one end and took hold of the bark at the other end. The ox would pull and out came the log as clean as a whistle. He sold the empty bark to Chicago for its sewers and water mains.

The nearest estimate of Babe's weight and strength was made by Ole Olsen, the Swede. He figured, somewhat in the manner of his fellow Swedes, on his fingers. He told me that the ox was nine hundred and thirty horsepower and weighed three ounces under ten tons.

That he had a very strong stomach, the ox, not the Swede, was proven one night when the animal escaped from his stable. He ate up two hundred feet of tow line, four hundred pounds of sourdough, all

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the kitchen utensils and three of the Swede's photographs. That last item is sufficient proof of the strength of Babe's digestive organs.

To get back to my story about Paul's trip to Louisiana. By the time he arrived Babe had recovered and was ready to aid him in any way possible. Paul met all the big loggers of the South and went out to look at the big cypress. He admitted it was as fine a tree as ever he had seen and was anxious to show the assembled woodsmen just what he could do. They pleaded with him to wait for the festivities which were to take place that afternoon. As it was then a little after eleven and the big fellow had nothing to occupy his time he begged permission to climb the tree. This being granted he gave them a beautiful exhibition of plain and fancy climbing. They applauded discreetly and Paul announced he was going to the top. Again the southern woodsmen protested: it was physically impossible to climb that tree and be down again by two o'clock, the time the festivities were to begin. He scoffed and despite their protests started up the tree like a squirrel. Up and up he went. Within a few moments he had passed out of sight. The men on the ground shifted from one foot to the other and waited for the body of Paul Bunyan to come hurtling down.

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But it didn't.

Up through the heavy branches went Paul. Once on the top he found he had a superb view of the Gulf of Mexico. He swung lightly from branch to branch like a small monkey. From the North he saw a storm approaching, a severe storm which, he later learned, never reached the earth. Dizzily he swung on the branch, the thunderbolts breaking about him, the huge raindrops soaking him to the skin. Being a Northman he enjoyed the cold wind.

Suddenly, from out of the black sky, there came a wicked thunderbolt. It came up from behind Paul or he would have dodged it. It struck the limb he was swinging on and broke it off. The wind just laughed and got under that branch and started to have fun with it. It did somersaults, it bucked and roared, it sun-fished, back-flipped and did all the other tricky things that a Louisiana wind knows. Though Paul was no horseman he held on and when the wind saw it could not throw him it started to take him across the Gulf of Mexico. Over the water the man, branch and wind went like a streak of lightning.

Just as they were near the shore of Yucatan a Mexican zephyr came out of the West and everything stopped. The wind died right there and Paul and the branch settled down into the waters of the Gulf.

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The branch was worn out and didn't have enough strength to float. Paul swam about for a few minutes and then dived down to see what was going on below. When he came up he was wrestling with a huge barracuda. Conquering the big fish he mounted its back and drove it towards the American shore.

Arriving back at dry land Paul released the barracuda and started for the big cypress.

It was two minutes to two when Paul arrived back on the scene. He found a great multitude of people all craning their necks and staring up at the tree. Several men had their watches in their hands and the chairman was all dressed up in his Sunday clothes. He had a worried look; he wasn't used to getting dressed up on week days.

They made a great to do about Paul's safe return and then led him to the platform. The band played and the chairman made the most of his opportunity and his Sunday clothes. He spoke many words never heard except on Decoration Day and the Fourth of July. He used a good many dollar words that couldn't be used again that year. Those Louisianians spared no expense to make Paul's visit a success.

Paul's response was the finest speech ever heard in Cajun land. He said:

"Thank you, Mr. Chairman. I am ready."

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But the band had to play another selection and then, to the fanfare of the drums, the greatest woodsman of them all leaped lightly over the railing and advanced upon the great cypress tree. He selected his ax with great care and then asked the chairman to assign four men to carry his axes to the river when they got red hot from chopping. Ax in hand he turned and bowed to the assembled woodsmen.

He started slowly, making but four hundred strokes to the minute, and then gradually increased it until not one in the crowd could see the ax to count. For over ten minutes he kept going at this terrific speed when smoke was seen arising from where he was cutting. The crowd put up a great shout:

"Oh, Paul Bunyan! Your ax is red hot and setting the tree on fire!"

Paul stopped to changed axes and to spit on his hands. His very acute ears heard a tapping sound, as if a woodpecker were working somewhere in the tree. But Paul knew woodpeckers and he knew lumberjacks and this was the sound of a man or men cutting down a tree. Dropping his ax he ran around to the other side of the tree. There he found three Mexicans busily beavering the tree he was working on.

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He hauled them by the necks to the front of the grandstand and asked them what they meant by spoiling his exhibition. The Mexicans, it turned out, had been working on that tree for over four months and hadn't yet gotten through the heavy bark. Not only that, they were starving to death. Paul ordered food brought to them and a place of honor given them on the grandstand. He went back to work and got up full speed. He used four more axes in thirty-eight minutes and on the fifth ax, or, thirty-nine minutes four and seven-eighths seconds, felled the tree. The applause was deafening and old Paul just blushed and bowed and scraped his foot like a big schoolboy.

Then the chairman made another speech and the band played some more and the huge assemblage adjourned to a grove where they ate their fill of fried chicken a la Creole.

That record has never been equalled. The only trouble with it is that nobody took the trouble to measure the tree. Certain enthusiastic Californians have made certain claims but that's my story and there it lays.

Good night!

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IV. PAUL'S GANG

"Last night when I started out to tell you all about Babe, the blue ox, what happened? I told you all I could think of about that animal and then got off the track and told you a lot of other things and the first thing we knew we were down in Louisiana. I guess it was all right. You see, in Paul's camps we were just a big family and how could I tell you about Babe without bringing in some of the fellows? Well, anyway, it was a great gang and everybody could do something better than anyone else in the world. Why, there was——"

"What could you do better than anyone else?" asked a fellow on the top bunk.

"He discovered perpetual motion and could move his jaw continuously," said another. "Go ahead with your story!"

The man in the deacon's seat snorted:

"If you beavers want to hear any more about Paul Bunyan you'll have to shut up." Then addressing the other men about the fire he said:

"Did you hear about this soldier in the upper bunk who calls himself a 'jack? The boss sent him out with the gang this mornin' and he starts to work. His idea of felling a tree is to beaver it. The straw boss comes



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up and says to him: 'What way that tree goin' to fall?' The beaver looks at him dumbly and says: 'Hell, think I'm a bleedin' prophet?' "

It was an old joke but when hung about the neck of one present it became excruciatingly humorous.

I started to tell you about Paul's gang. To my way of thinking Johnny Inkslinger was, next to Paul, the most important. Although Paul kept all his records on a notched stick and could tell to a minute how much time was coming to a man he couldn't figure it out in dollars and cents. He knew what price his lumber was bringing, how many feet had been cut and all that sort of thing but it took Johnny to make out the invoices, bills of lading, monthly statements and keep track of Paul's bank account. Johnny was no mean bookkeeper. He used a 'specially built fountain pen that was eighteen feet long and was connected by three inch hose to thirty-eight barrels of ink on a shelf over his desk. He had no assistants other than what we called 'the black gang'. I don't remember how many there were in that gang but their only job was to keep the barrels full of ink. Johnny made a great many mistakes but they were never made when the problem could be figured out with pen and ink. Being the only man in

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camp that could write Johnny set himself up as a sort of an intellectual. I remember the time on the Big Onion when we were plagued with Canadian mosquitos. These mosquitos were from the original stock and had come over from Russia where they had had long practice at biting the moujiks. Their stingers were long enough to go through several layers of thick, dirty clothing and then keep on through the thick Russian hide. Man, they were so big they used to pry the shakes off the roof so they could get in at us. Paul put a big gang with spears all about the camp but it didn't do no good. Then Inkslinger came in with his big idea. Somewhere he had heard about the big bumblebees down Iowa way. He got Paul's ear and got permission to import six yoke of them. His idea was that the bees would sting the mosquitos to death, but it didn't work that way. No, sir. Those bees just fell in love with the slender young lady mosquitos and they intermarried. Their babies all had stingers on both ends and when you saw one of those insects going away from you you were completely fooled. It only meant he was backing and filling to give his other end a chance.

These fellows grew so big they had three-gallon stomachs and their bee blood was their ruination.

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They craved sugar and when all the flowers on the Big Onion country had been destroyed they had a famine amongst themselves. They sent scouts out but the scouts only found some strange flowers on the Little Garlic River. Their breaths smelled so bad that none of the other insects paid any attention to them. One scout came back with a tale of a molasses ship coming up the Mississippi. He looked so fat and happy that all the other insects made what is now called a bee-line to that ship. But their appetite was their undoing. They ate so much molasses that they couldn't fly and all sunk in the Mississippi and were drowned.

That was what was known as an Inkslinger victory. Johnny's best job was with his big fountain pen and all his ledgers.

Then there was Mrs. Bunyan. How Paul ever came to marry her is more than I know. Paul loved her and she loved him. She was ugly and she had a wooden leg. It's a fact that we could scrape enough ugly off her face to grease all the skidways. Her wooden leg was a caution. Once I spent a whole year scraping off the old paint and giving it two new coats. She was a demon. Time was when Paul got a job in the off season splitting fence rails. The price was so low that Paul could employ only

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French-Canucks and he had to put Minnie, that was his wife's name, to work. Well, she went right off and worked like Paul, who was right beside her all day. About four o'clock she asked Paul to come over and help her get her ax out of a log that had closed down on it. Paul came over and, by Harry, found that she had no ax-head on her handle. They went back looking for it and they found she had lost it after splitting three-four logs in the morning so she had been splitting logs all day with just the handle.

She was just as dumb as she was ugly.

I knew her first on the Big Onion where she was camp cook. Her big specialty was double-holed doughnuts and soft-nosed flapjacks. The double-holed doughnuts were a big saving in her kitchen budget. Time was when she was combing her hair with a crosscut saw and using the Big Onion for a mirror. She must have suddenly realized how ugly she was and opened her mouth. Out popped her false teeth and they sunk in forty feet of water. She set up a terrible yowling and Paul quit work to see what was the matter. She pointed to her teeth way down on the river bed. And then she yowled some more. Paul told her to shut up and went to get one of her double-holed doughnuts. He tied

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a rope to the doughnut and lowered it into the water. Just as the doughnut arrived above the false teeth they snapped at it and Paul pulled them to the surface. After that all was well.

Then Paul had a son named Jean and a daughter named Teenie. Both were pretty big for their size but like all children of genius remained undistinguished. All Jean was good for was mule-skinning and there's no lower job than that. Teenie sat around all day eating prunes and there's no lower appetite than that. After Paul became resigned to his funny offspring he put Jean to work hauling Teenie's prune pits off to the dump.

Then, of course, there was Babe. I wouldn't blame Paul a bit if he had told me he loved the blue ox more than he did his trick family. Paul had dogs, too, besides Elmer, the moose-terrier. There were Nero, the bear-hound, and Jacko, the reversible dog. Bears always caused Paul a lot of trouble during the winters. They used to come up to the camp in the night and raid the stores of food. Paul trained Nero to harass them, even to kill them and often in the morning when the cookee got up to milk the cow he would find from ten to twenty-four full-grown bears stacked beside the cook-shack door.

But Jacko, the reversible dog, was only good for

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chasing hodags. The hodag is a very fleet animal on a sloping grade, having one short leg and one long one. Jacko was playing one day when he was a pup and Paul mistook him for a rat and threw an ax at him. The flying ax caught him square on the nose and split him in two. Paul, grief-stricken, immediately grabbed the two halves and put them together with sourdough. In his haste he pasted the two halves together wrong and when Jacko healed up it was found that his two left legs stuck up in the air while the two right ones were on the ground. It worked out fine for Jacko could chase hodags until the two legs he was using got tired and then reverse and use the two that had been resting. Jacko, in his long life, chased every last hodag into the Pacific Ocean and the species has become extinct.

I forgot to tell you that because of Nero's activities each winter he so scared the bears that they now hibernate all winter.

That takes care of Paul's personal family. Funny, isn't it, that I put Johnny Inkslinger in with Paul's immediate family. It must have been because later on in life he married Teenie. He never loved her save as a mathematical problem. His favorite recreation was to figure out how many prunes she had eaten during the day, the ratio of increase over yesterday,

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over the same day last year, how many she would probably eat a year from today, how many men were required in California to keep her properly supplied and all that sort of stuff.

First of all of Paul's gang came Brimstone Bill, keeper of the blue ox. That was the whole of his job. It was his task to keep the ox fed, housed and groomed and he did a good job of it. Then, of course, came Ole Olsen, blacksmith to the blue ox. Last night I told you something about him shoeing Babe. Hot Biscuit Slim and Sourdough Sam, Pea Soup Shorty and Joe Muffinton. They were a great team, those fellows in the cook-shack. Hot Biscuit Slim, the man who invented biscuits and Parker House rolls; Sourdough Sam, the man who could work miracles with sourdough; Pea Soup Shorty, who saved Paul a heap of money by freezing pea soup into ropes so the men could carry it with them into the woods and who first made the French-Canuck rivermen bore holes in their peavies so they could carry their lunch with them; Joe Muffinton, champion all-around muffin maker of the world. Joe would work but one day a week; after baking muffins enough for Sunday's breakfast he was exhausted. In his spare time Ole Olsen, the blacksmith worked with the kitchen crew; his job being to punch holes

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in the doughnuts. There were a lot of other second cooks but I knew only the principals.

That takes care of the inside crew. Outside in the woods and on the river were other giants of achievement.

Jim Liverpool was in charge of the rivermen. A great jumper was Jim. On the Big Onion I've seen him stand on the bank and jump across it in three jumps. Then up on Round River I once saw him jump across the river and back without touching the other shore. There was Forty Jones, the straw boss, the fellow who found deer tracks near the river. He waited for them and one night when they came down to drink removed the key log from a pile of logs forty feet high, which rolled down hill and killed over two hundred of the herd. We got enough venison to last almost a week.

There were a lot of other bosses around Paul's camps but I've forgotten most of them. I can recall Pink-Eye Martin, a barn boss; Joe Mufraw, the fellow they sing about; Black Dan McDonald; Dutchy Jake, the fellow with two sets of teeth which could chew anything. Jake walked in his sleep one night and chewed up two grindstones before he woke up. Shot Kunderson, Blue Nose Parker, Big

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Joe and a whole lot of others that might just as well remain forgotten.

That's about all I can remember of Paul's gang. They were all with him on the Big Onion and all of them went with him to his biggest camp, the Pyramid Forty of Round River. I'll tell you about that camp and the drive tomorrow.

Good night!

V. ROUND RIVER AND THE PYRAMID FORTY

I always knew that Paul Bunyan hated the way he had to do business in the woods. You can see it was pretty hard for a fellow of his size to have to depend on ordinary humans for his labor. Paul couldn't do all the work himself and he had to call in the best he could get to help him. I know that for many years he was troubled by this condition and when he went into the Round River country he was all set to change it.

The way he figured it out was this: if one man could only do one day's work at a time he would get a hundred working on coordinated schedule and produce a superman.

For instance.

In the Round River camp he built a cook stove so big it took four hundred cooks standing shoulder

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to shoulder to keep it going. And between the legs of each cook was a cookee whose only job was to keep putting wood on the fire. That stove took so much wood that a special gang had to be employed just to keep it in fuel. The four hundred cooks all did one thing well. One stirred, another salted, one held the pepper shaker, another lifted the lid and still another looked in to see how the food was cooking. But it was all so well organized that not one trod on the toes of another. That stove was a wonder. It was made of the finest blue steel and was completely equipped for cooking anything from a fried egg sandwich to a complete barbecue.

When it came to making flapjacks for the sixteen thousand men who were eating in the main camp it was entirely adequate. Paul made the pictures, Johnny Inkslinger put down the figures and Ole Olsen built it. A big griddle just the same length as the stove hung on a crane. At a signal from a boss cook the man at the donkey engine would lower the griddle to the stove. Then, from behind each fourth cook sprang a colored boy with slabs of bacon tied to his feet. The colored boys leaped to the griddle, they were the only ones who could stand the heat, and skated about greasing it for the coming batter. The batter had been churning in drums that looked like

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concrete mixers and at another signal the colored boys leaped up and grabbed the wire netting overhead. Then the entire battery of drums would get into action and little puddles of batter would form on the griddle. When they were nicely browned on one side the automatic turner would flop them over on the other side. When one of the niggers slipped it meant that there was a raisin in some 'jack's hot-cake.

Each one of the four hundred cooks had to keep his eye on three hundred cakes. When they were ready Paul's patented flapjack magnet would pick them up and stack them nicely in front of the flapjack catapult which would hurl them with unerring accuracy to each man's plate.

When the flapjacks arrived at a man's plate he pulled in his ears and maple syrup of the finest grade came from a sprinkler over each place. If he wanted butter there was a special belt conveyer running down the center of the table and he could help himself.

They couldn't serve the men any other way. At first Paul tried having regular cookees on motor skates but they were too slow. The tables were so long that some of the boys would leave in the morning and not get back until several days later.

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When the men were through with their flapjacks expert machine gunners would man their guns loaded with bacon and beans. The bacon was sent out raw but with such speed that it arrived at each man's plate nicely crisped. Then the beans followed on the path greased by the bacon. Those gunners had to be accurate because the beans were sent with such force that if they missed a plate Paul might be a logger short that day.

Coffee was sent through hydraulic pumps and toothpicks were delivered by a four-horse team.

Paul's cooks found it pretty hard to serve all those men three times a day but they had to do it until a happy tragedy occurred.

There was a natural hot spring in the country that Paul, always taking advantage of all resources, had had piped to the bunkhouses so that the men might have running hot water all winter. Well, one of the teamsters, the fellow who had had his brains kicked out by Babe and patched up by Sourdough Sam, was bringing in a ten ton load of beans. One hundred loads came in each day. I never got it straight but it seems the brainless skinner got too close to the hot spring and his load skidded right into the water. He saved his mules but there was ten ton of beans he couldn't account for. He went to see Paul and

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told him of the accident. Paul went with him to the scene of the accident and gave the matter some thought. Calling for cookees to bring salt and pepper he seasoned it and tasted it. Then he ordered a bull-cook to throw ten steers into the spring and thirty-two others to bring ladles and begin stirring. After half an hour Paul had the finest bean soup that was ever made. Not only that, but it was being piped to every bunkhouse. Paul knew that if he was to let such a condition exist his men would get lazy and never go to work. Not only that, but the French-Canucks would sit up all night eating hot bean soup.

So he had the pipes reversed and carried the soup out into the woods. A cookee was in charge of each spigot and as each man came up to his appointed source he got a chunk of bread and a bowl of hot soup.

That was just an example of the way Paul Bunyan could turn adversity to advantage.

The bunkhouses were built on the plans of stem-winders and muzzle-loaders. That is, a man crawled into his bunk head first and then touched a spring and his bunk turned around and his head was towards the outside. It made it easier getting out and then Paul had a little trick up his sleeve. Many of

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his men snored so loud as to keep the others awake. When a man who snored got into his bunk he found that the main-spring on the stem-winding attachment was broken and he had to sleep with his head away at the wrong end. Although it muffled his snores he had to be pulled out by his friends when he wanted to get up.

Those bunkhouses were so long they had barbers stationed at every quarter mile. Men living at the far end would get up Sunday morning and shave but before they could get to the front door they had grown a full beard. A whisper at the front door grew so big by the time it reached the end that it was a roar. A small joke would grow until it became a humorous three-decker novel.

Out in the woods big things were going on. The lot we were logging was known as the Pyramid Forty and was so high it took seven men looking steadily to see the top or one man could see it after seven days looking. It was shaped like a pyramid, that is, with three sides and a conservative estimate gave it two hundred and fifty million feet of lumber. It was an ideal place for a camp, the woods were full of wild animals many of which were unknown in other parts of the world. There was the side-hill chicken that laid square eggs so they would not roll down the

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hill. The wild hodag had one leg shorter than the other so he could travel more comfortably. Paul's men were just big boys and they used to chase the chickens and hodags and get them turned around so that the long leg was uphill. Just as soon as that happened of course the animal lost his balance and rolled down the hill. It was good fun while it lasted.

Paul worked out an idea on the Pyramid Forty that almost came to be his undoing. He had the men fell the trees so that they would tumble down hill head over heels. Trouble was that many trees tumbled halfway down and then stuck up in the air and other men would come along and chop them all down again. In fact some trees were felled seven-eight times.

Paul had scaled the timber on the Pyramid Forty at two hundred and fifty million feet. He did this without calling in Johnny Inkslinger and always regretted it. When it was all felled he found ten feet over. As he had no place to use them he sent them to ten friends as souvenirs.

But old Paul's troubles were just beginning.

The logs were piled high in a jam on the river. A little dynamite near the key logs was all that was necessary to start the drive down the river to the first sawmill. The drive was in charge of Joe Batiste

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the best white-water man in the North Woods. It was pay-off day for everybody but the rivermen and it was a happy crowd that stood along the river bank cheering the men on the logs.

Paul himself touched off the dynamite and even cheered as he saw his biggest drive start gracefully down the river. It took seven days for the drive to pass a given point and the men on the bank went back to the bunkhouses to pack their bundles and go to town.

Batiste Joe was in high glee as he rode a king log up near the van. The very fact that he had been selected by Paul to take charge of the drive was the same as telling him he was champion of all the world. He found it hard to wait to get back to Quebec to tell his Marie about it.

For three weeks they continued on when Jim Liverpool saw a big camp on the slope of a hill. He called Joe's attention to it and mentioned that maybe after all Paul Bunyan wasn't the biggest logger in the world. It was a pretty fair sized camp, admitted Joe, but it was about eight inches smaller than Paul's.

They kept going for another month when water gave out and food was pretty low. Batiste Joe told Jim that if he saw another camp to jump off and get some fresh food. That very day Jim saw another

huge camp and, without mentioning the matter to Joe, jumped off and started up the hill. The camp, thought Jim, was every inch as big as Paul's back on the Pyramid Forty no matter what Joe said. He headed for the cook-shack.

The first man he met was Sourdough Sam. Sam was glad to see Jim and asked him to come in and have a snack. Jim was bewildered. For two months he had been riding logs away from Paul's camp and here he was at the same place. At that very moment Paul came out of his office and saw his riverman.

"Great work, Jim. Glad to see you back so soon. Where's Joe?"

Jim could only gawk and stare. Then he grabbed Paul by the sleeve and pointed down to the river where a huge drive was passing.

"Somebody else had a good drive. Wonder who it was?" said Paul.

"Paul," Jim blurted, "those are your logs. There's something wrong. We left here two months ago and then about a month ago we passed here again. Now, we're back. Paul, there's something wrong."

But Paul was already down at the river bank and calling to Batiste Joe. Joe was quite as dumbfounded as Jim Liverpool had been. Paul saw the trouble at once.

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"It's a round river," he shouted. "Send Sourdough Sam down here. Tell him to bring a bucket of sourdough with him." Then he calls for Babe and a plow. When Sourdough arrived with his bucket Paul had him empty it in the river just ahead of the logs. It swelled up at once and made a fine dam. Then he starts ploughing across the state to the Big Onion, the place we had been the year before. Sourdough Sam's sourdough keeps on a-rising and pretty soon the water floods into the channel Paul and Babe dug and in less than a week every log was over in the Big Onion River.

Good night!

VI. PAUL BUNYAN AT PUGET SOUND

After the Round River Drive I saw but little of Paul Bunyan. It might appear to some that old Paul may have shot his bolt on the Pyramid Forty. No such thing. Paul went right on doing more than a man's work and if he is alive today he is still accomplishing more than his share.

There was the job at Puget Sound. The Sound was more or less a shallow marsh unfit even for a flat-bottom rowboat. Old Billy Puget got a big grant from Washington to dredge it and make it the fine harbor it is today. He started in the usual way with

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muck-sticks and shovels but someone told him that he'd never get it finished. He only had two years' grace and he had spent over a year with a bunch of hunkies. George Hood, the fellow who built the river that bears his name, took him aside and told him to import a bunch of dirt-throwing badgers and fire the hunkies. Billy tried and found that it worked fine and for something like nine months he kept the badgers at work night and day. But with only two months to finish the contract he had more than a year's work in front of him. He went over to see his friend George Hood and told him the fix he was in. George gave the matter a bit of thought and told him there was but one thing left to do.

"And that is?" asked Billy Puget.

"Get Paul Bunyan in to finish it up in a hurry," answered Billy's mentor.

"He'll cost too much," objected Billy.

"Not if you work it right. Take him in on shares, give him a tenth interest in the contract and he'll work his fool head off for you."

So Paul Bunyan went out to the State of Washington and looked the situation over. I did not know how shrewd Paul was until I saw him figuring out what the job was worth. He took a stick and with his penknife commenced notching it. For three-four

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hours he kept silent and made notches on the stick. After a while he looked at Billy Puget and asked:

"How much did you say you were getting for the job?"

"Five million dollars," answered Puget. "And I lose it all if it isn't finished on time."

"I know you for a liar, Bill Puget," said Paul, calmly. "And if you admit you are to get five million it means you will probably get twice that amount. My price for finishing the job will be just five million dollars."

"Impossible! I've already spent two million on the work and at your price I stand to lose just that much."

"Take it or leave it," said Paul as he prepared to return to Oregon.

"Come back and I'll give you three million, just what I stand to make if it is completed."

But Paul Bunyan was already five miles away and did not hear him.

"Billy," said George Hood, "seems to me Paul was reasonable enough. You're getting ten million for the job, you've spent two million and still stand to make three million clear. I think you ought to accept his offer."

It took three men running two days and nights to

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catch up to Paul and they told him that Mr. Puget was ready to accept his offer.

"I knew he was going to," said Paul, "I was on my way to get Babe and my assistants. Tell Billy I'll be back in a few days, ready for work."

Paul was as good as his word. Before the end of the week he had his staff housed and Johnny Ink-slinger figuring away in grand style.

Paul wasted no time awaiting Johnny's figures. On Monday morning he hitched up the blue ox and started off for the north. He didn't say where he was going but we knew he was on the job. Came Thursday and Paul and Babe came back to camp dragging a big glacier with them. He had wanted a big scoop but he knew that in the short time remaining no one could have built it for him. His next best bet was a glacier.

He started right in to work and no matter what anyone says Paul and Babe dug that Sound single handed. They were all finished in less than three weeks. When Paul finished his digging he just laid that glacier right on top of the sound and let the sun melt it. That glacier melted nice and even and that is one of the reasons that the water in Puget Sound is always so smooth.

Paul looked his work over critically and then sent

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for Billy Puget. Before Billy would make any comment he went to his friend George Hood and asked him to step over and help him inspect the job.

Well, sir, just as soon as I saw those two fellows, I knew they had something up their sleeves. The glacier was all melted when they arrived and the water was just as smooth as it could be.

"Where's the waves?" asked Billy Puget.

"Where's the tides?" asked George Hood.

"No waves in the contract," Paul shot back at them. "The tide is there all right but it's such a swell working tide you can't see it with the naked eye."

"Why aren't the edges trimmed even?" asked old Billy.

"Yes, and what's that?" demanded George Hood.

Well, I could have died. I knew all the care and thought Paul Bunyan had put in his job and just when he was getting his work inspected what should shoot up in the middle of the Sound but a water-spout. It started kind of slowly but it gained momentum pretty fast. In twenty minutes there would be no harbor and everybody would lose their money.

Without a word and with disaster staring him in the face Paul stepped behind the pile of dirt that had come out of the harbor. Quickly stripping himself he dived into the water and disappeared from

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sight. Within two minutes the water-spout died out and the Sound was still there. Paul came to the surface and went behind the hill and dressed. By the way, did I tell you that that hill was so big they call it a mountain; they call it Mount Tacoma.

"What did you do?" asked George Hood.

"Just turned it off. It was a defect in the glacier I brought down from the north. It will be all right from now on."

"How do we know it will?" snapped Billy Puget.

"You'll have to take my word for it," answered Paul with a wicked gleam in his eye. "You know well enough if anything goes wrong I'll fix it."

Although Billy Puget and his friend, George Hood, found a lot of fault they notified the government that the Sound was ready. It passed that inspection well enough but when it came to paying Paul his share they brought a lawyer along. Two things Paul hated were lawyers and government inspectors. He used to feed them to Elmer when the hound was too lazy to hunt for food.

The lawyer started talking early in the morning and kept it up until lunch. Then he resumed and it was getting late in the day when he was at his fourth wherefore and his sixth therefore. Paul was taking a nap but he knew what was going on.

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About five o'clock the lawyer fellow says "and, therefore the aforementioned Paul Bunyan the party of the second part does hereby accept as payment in full the sum of brrrr million dollars." He slurred over the amount just like that.

"How much?" says Paul, one eye open.

"Brrrrrr million dollars," answered the lawyer.

"All right, sir, count it out," said Paul.

"Sign this first," said the lawyer.

"Count first," snapped Paul.

Then there began a long argument and Paul got up and stretched himself. He picked up his shovel and sank it into Mount Tacoma. Taking a good hefty shovelful of dirt he heaved it out in the middle of the Sound. He followed it with a second and third shovelful.

"Hey, what you think you're doing?" yelled Bill Puget.

"Filling up the Sound," said Paul, going on with his work.

The lawyer fellow began yelling "Mandamus, habeas corpus, corpus delicti, precedent, lease, cease, stop and desist" and a whole lot of other gibberage but old Paul went right on throwing the dirt back.

"Give him his money and tell him to stop!" yelled

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Puget. "Give the fool his whole five million but make him stop, he'll ruin me."

But before the money had been counted out Paul had heaved a lot of dirt back, enough to pile up the San Juan Islands. Today, when Seattlans look to the west and admire the rare beauty of their harbor they seem to forget that they named the Sound after the wrong man.

VII. OREGON'S BEAUTY

I don't think Paul ever broke his vow never to enter the State of Washington again. I know he felt that Billy Puget and George Hood were representative citizens and if they were representative what were the rest like? He rested in Oregon and saw the great natural beauty of the place. There were fine trees that could be logged, beautiful vistas that would be improved and looked at if the trees were removed. So instead of loafing he began to work. He cleared the entire state in a week. Then he did something no logger ever did before or has done since.

The whole state was covered with stumps just the same as any other place that has just been logged. He had given the matter great thought and knew, with the aid of Johnny Inkslinger, that even working Babe sixteen hours a day it would take years to rid

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the state of its unsightly stumps. He made some rough sketches on a piece of paper and gave them to Ole Olsen. Then he went to sleep.

When he awoke he found beside him a pile of newly made mallets, gigantic in size and bound with steel bands. They were made of hickory and had Paul's favorite handles of woven grass. Grasping a mallet in either hand he started off, up one side of the state and down the other driving the stumps back into the earth. He worked fast but in an orderly and, to him, leisurely manner. He did not stop for darkness, the beautiful Oregon moon was all the light he needed. He kept on working for two days and three nights until he had driven the last stump into the earth from which it had sprung.

The rare beauty of Oregon is due in no small way to the hatred he bore the people of Washington.

VIII. PAUL BUNYAN AND JIM HILL

I knew that Paul Bunyan had worked for Jim Hill on the Great Northern long before I met him. Paul should have known the man and been on his guard. Jim had an eye for values and the way he had been running his railroad showed he was all wrong. He had built but a single pair of tracks across the continent and that caused a bit of delay. The east-

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bound train could not start until the westbound train had arrived and that meant only one train each way each month.

Jim Hill saw Paul and estimated his strength and offered him a job. Jim wanted to double the capacity of his road and the job he gave Paul was to lift the eastbound train off the track and let the westbound go through. It was a pretty soft and cushy job for Old Paul but he had a yen to be back in the woods. So he sat down and with a pencil and paper worked out plans for a switchback loop where the eastbound could wait until the westbound had passed. He sent it to Jim Hill with his resignation and went back to his old job of logging. As far as I know Jim Hill didn't pay him for it nor did he ever write him a letter thanking him.

Considering his experience with the man I can't quite understand why Paul should have gone to work for him again. Maybe it was because the blue ox was sick.

The Babe had been ailing for some time. It seems the Swede's photograph had become enlarged and was causing the animal trouble in the duodenum. Paul had sent him down to Iowa to the home farm in charge of Brimstone Bill. While the ox was away Paul had to mark time. That's the only reason I can

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offer for him returning to Jim Hill's employ. Paul was the kind that always had to be busy or he was unhappy.

Another thing I knew was that it was some job that Jim Hill's bohunks couldn't handle. Jim had over a million bohunks working for him for a few cents a day and their board which was properly called board—rotten board.

Jim had been having trouble with tramps. He had tried every means known to keep them off his right of way, his tracks and even his rolling stock. He placed the matter before Paul and asked his advice. Paul looked the situation over and told Jim to build a barbed wire fence.

To build a fence that long, the road was then about eighteen hundred miles long, would take too long. Jim asked Paul to bid on the job and the great logger went out and looked the land over. With his notched stick and penknife he figured it out to a penny and took the result to the railroad man. It was a fair price that Paul asked but Jim Hill hemmed and hawed and cut items here and there, such as reducing the number of barbs to the foot of wire and pushed the posts further apart. He kept right on until he had cut Paul's price in half. Jim Hill should have been

PAUL BUNYAN

a shoelace peddler or a traveling tinker because he had that kind of a mind.

Paul accepted the conditions and went to work. First of all, he sent for Babe: the work was not what might be called heavy and the ox needed some sort of exercise to keep him from going stale. Paul hadn't been at work a week before he found that Jim Hill had taken him in, hook, line and sinker. The money Jim was to pay him wouldn't do much more than buy the wire and pay the men, let alone paying for digging post holes, posts and labor. He knew a fellow up in Montana who trained gophers and ground-hogs and went up to see him. To the animal trainer he outlined his needs and left his order for two thousand post-hole digging gophers. He went to another animal trainer who specialized in beavers and ordered five hundred for immediate delivery.

He took the beavers up into the woods and put them to work cutting six-inch trees in six-foot lengths. Brimstone Bill was to use Babe to haul the posts to where they were needed. Then Paul returned to the scene of his work. He found the gophers had been delivered and were waiting for orders. He set them to work digging holes. The gophers were innocent and when one had finished digging his hole he prepared to make it his home. Then Paul would

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come along with a post in one hand and drag the gopher out of his hole and shove the post in. There was nothing for the poor gopher to do but to begin work on a new home. The gophers got pretty mad but who cares what a gopher thinks.

Once all the posts were in Paul found he was going to make money on the job. To make Jim Hill mad he gave him standard barbed wire, eight barbs to the foot and three strands instead of two. Jim Hill was a hard-boiled old cuss and didn't bat an eye; he just put it down to his own sagaciousness and not to Paul's generosity and pride in work well done. Maybe the credit does belong to Jim: he had sense enough to employ the best man available.

Paul took Jim's check and went off singing:

*Jim Hill told his boy before he died,
"Son, fix the blinds so the bums can't ride.
If ride they must let them ride the rod
And put their trust in the hands of God!"*

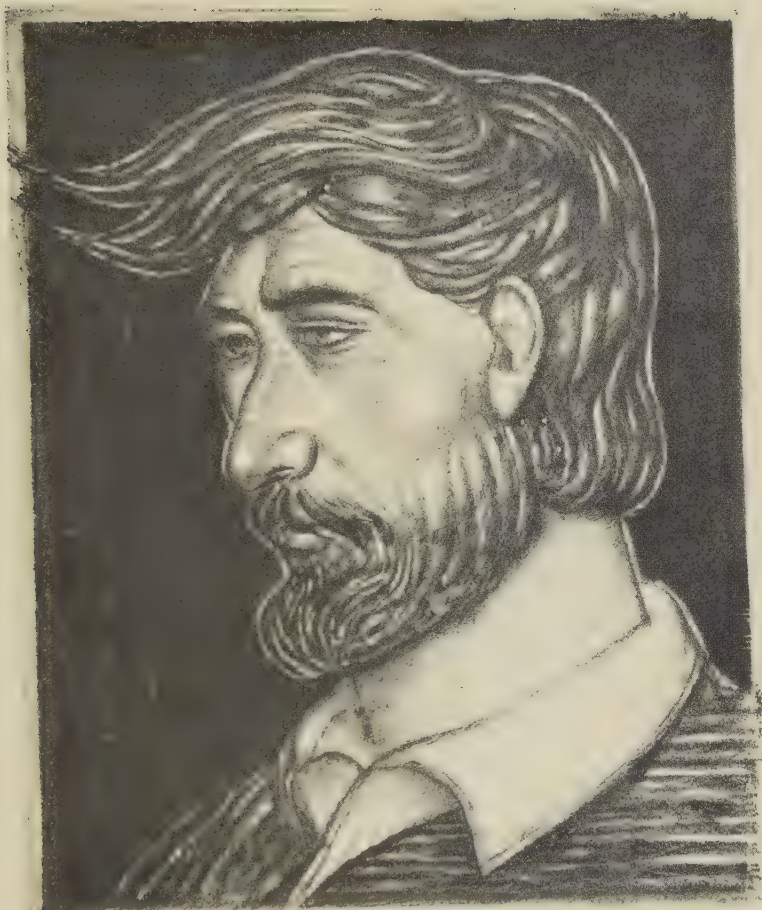
I left Paul Bunyan's employ after that job and never saw him again. One thing I'm sure of and that is that somewhere on God's green earth Paul Bunyan is swinging an ax and Babe is standing at his elbow waiting for orders. Paul may have taken other jobs for a few weeks or months but he was always back

PAUL BUNYAN

in the woods before the first frost. One of you fellows gets up to Alaska look about a bit and I'll bet you'll see him. That is, of course, if your eyes are good. That Bunyan fellow always moved pretty fast and it takes a sharp pair of eyes to keep up with him.

Good night!

TONY BEAVER



TONY BEAVER

TONY BEAVER

OF EEL RIVER, WEST VIRGINIA

I

THIS is the Judge's story.

Down West Virginia way there's a big fellow known as Tony Beaver. Tony is a logger and lives up Eel River, a stream of rare beauty that flows into the Celestial Ocean. At the end of each summer Tony and his crew, like all good loggers, sharpen their tools, lay in their supplies for the long winter, and betake themselves to their logging camp in the high woods of Conical Mountain. There they fell trees until the last snow when they come down out of the woods and work in Tony Beaver's sawmill.

Don't get out your atlas to find just where in West Virginia Eel River is located. You won't be able to find it but it *is* in West Virginia. All of us know that

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much save the atlas makers and the post office officials who never heard of it.

Tony Beaver was not always a lumberman. There was the time he tried his hand at farming and that came very near making a wreck of his career. You see it was this way: Tony's a pretty big chap, tall for his own or anyone else's age. I don't believe he was ever measured but I saw with my own eyes the top leaves of an eighteen foot maple sapling shake when he breathed. He ate enormous meals and he wanted, more than anything else, to raise the products that went into the making of such meals. First of all he loved watermelons. The fault with the average melon, according to Tony, was that it was so poor and small that it was hardly worth peeling. Perhaps it wasn't. The average watermelon to Tony was no bigger than a peach is to you.

So Tony picked out a nice piece of land and started to raise man-sized watermelons. He bought a pair of oxen and broke them to the yoke. He brought them up as he had been brought up and before they had got through being yearlings they were the biggest oxen in East or West Virginia. Tony was not entirely satisfied with his oxen and continued their training until he was almost ready to harvest his first crop of watermelons. By that time they had grown

TONY BEAVER

so big it took a blue-jay six hours to fly from one horn to another on either ox.

In between times he cultivated his melons. He had planted the seeds so deep their roots reached down to a natural spring of sweet water. West Virginia, sir, is mined with such springs and it is to this fact that we attribute the wonderful flavor of all our vegetables and fruits. When August came his melons were ready for the market. Perhaps I should correct myself and say that in Tony's eyes they were ready for the market: they were far bigger than any market. In the spring Tony had ordered a special watermelon wagon from old Mr. Studebaker that was so big it took the famous wagon-maker's entire force a whole month just to assemble it. It was the watermelon farmer's plan to load this enormous wagon *full* of his produce and take it to market.

The wagon was delivered in good time and Tony hitched his oxen to it and drove up to his melon patch. He drew his team up beside the first melon and then saw that all his estimates were wrong. The wagon, big as it was, sir, was not big enough to hold a single melon.

Tony Beaver had but three men working for him but his farm and his melons had attracted so much attention that his neighbors were lined twenty deep

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around the fences to watch the harvest. Eel River people are just about like other people and when they saw Tony's quandary they flocked on the field to give him some sound advice. Tony listened to them in a bewildered sort of a way and scratched his head. Then he found his own solution. If the wagon was too small for the first melon he would drive up and down until he found one that would fit. That wagon was so big, sir, it took a ten acre field to turn around in.

Well, sir, Tony drove up and down looking for a melon that would fit into his wagon. He found one at last, a little wizzened thing that had been sort of crowded out by three or four really big fellows. He and his men measured it and found that if they removed the sides of the great wagon, put longer traces on the oxen, and took off the seat, they might possibly get it loaded. Once on the wagon they could hold it in place with chocks of wood.

After much spitting on hands and heaving Tony and his neighbors managed to get the melon on the wagon, clamped it into place, and faced the team toward the road. Tony scrambled up on top and grabbing hold of the lines started off. Beaver had good roads on his place and he rode off his farm to the cheers of his neighbors. Snapping his long whip

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around the ears of the oxen and yelling "gee" and "haw" at the top of his voice he drove onto the county road. He did not know, for he couldn't see behind him, that his neighbors and friends had fallen into a column of squads and were following him to market. They were that proud of a West Virginia man, sir!

There is a bad piece of road just where it straightens out at Conical Mountain Pass. Tony hit this place at a trot, the forward off wheel hit a rut, the big melon leaned over against the hill and then bounced back the other way. Before Tony could scramble down the melon had gone over the side and was tumbling down the river bank. All Tony's farmhands and half his neighbors pulled off their coats and jumped in the river to save Tony.

They had jumped before they looked. The melon, with Tony on top of it, hit the river full and by and sunk from sight in the midst of a terrific splash. The melon hit the bottom and broke into little pieces. Then the pieces rose to the surface with the water foaming all around them. Just about that time the men who had jumped in to save Tony hit the water. Well, sir, that river was just a mass of red foam and those who remained on shore were sure that it was the blood and mangled bodies of Tony and his

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rescuers. After a few moments the water settled and it was seen that those who had jumped in were milling around in the water hanging on to the edges of the melon seeds. When the water had calmed down they followed Tony's example who had climbed up on a seed, and was paddling down toward the dam. The water at the dam was low and when each seed and its human freight arrived at Eel River Landing it just stopped there and the passenger got off and walked to shore.

I know the story sounds pretty strange even from the lips of a West Virginian, sir, but any time you are near Eel River Landing go out and look at our dam. Those seeds just settled at that point and make the dam one of the finest and strongest in the whole state.

Tony Beaver was heartbroken. He could see that if he could not get his smallest melon down to the market his whole crop was valueless. Later, when he returned to logging, he had his crew roll the rest of the melons over to the edge of the woods and place them in rows. Then he got his best axmen to whittle out the insides, cut in doors and windows, and build fireplaces. Then he let the sun dry out the rinds and to this day, sir, they stand as an everlasting monument to the fertility of West Virginia and to

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the courage, inventiveness and greatness of Eel River Landing's most distinguished citizen.

2

Eel River Landing, let it be known, is in addition to being the center of a great lumber industry, the peanut and molasses center of West Virginia. Eel River Hump-Backed Goobers and Eel River Maple Molasses are famous all over God's green earth, sir! The country thereabout is very fertile, the tributaries of Eel River cover a radius of several hundred miles. On the north shores you will find dense forests of sugar maple and on the south shores are grown our justly famous hump-backed goobers.

The year after Tony Beaver's experience as a melon farmer the crops were so abundant that the peanut growers and molasses refiners were left with huge stocks on their hands. When you consider, sir, the rich nutty flavor of our goobers and the golden sunshine that is imprisoned in our molasses you will realize to the fullest extent the tragedy that must have befallen our beautiful nation. What were the youngsters eating? Not, I hope, those terrible Kentucky peanuts. Was the manhood of our nation content with Vermont maple syrup or Louisiana molasses to top off their morning buckwheat cakes?

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Perhaps it was the influence of the then newly elected president who, I understand, came from one of those states. Believe me, sir, the nation suffered more than Eel River for our friend Tony Beaver came to our aid.

It was Mr. Beaver's idea that the producers should hold their product for a rising market, a very sound economic theory. But the people's very living depended upon selling their produce and Mr. Beaver's plan seemed hopeless to many of the less far-sighted. Tony arranged that all men would be put to work in his logging camps and that he would open a match factory to employ the women and children. In that way he tided the people of our little community over a very precarious winter.

His plan was for the peanut growers to hold on to their stocks until the coming of Spring and the opening of the circus season would cause a heavy demand for hump-backed goobers. In the meantime the cold winds of February and March would put our nation on a diet of hot wheatcakes and cause a heavy demand for our maple tree molasses. In Eel River Landing, sir, men took off their hats and women and children curtsied to Mr. Beaver, economist, philanthropist and lumberman.

February came and with it came reports of in-



TONY BEAVER IN VIRGINIA

TONY BEAVER

tense cold spells in the north but no appreciable demands for our sterling molasses came with them. If the northerners were eating their favorite griddle cakes they were covering them with an inferior sweetening. Tony Beaver's stock dropped several points, I regret to say, even though his was a sound economic theory.

February merged into March and March was early going out like a lamb and yet there was no demand for our giant goobers. Were the children of the circus belt eating something else? Seaside taffy or chewing gum? Tony's stock in town fell even further and he became known as "the Beaver fellow." All this, mind you, while he was still employing the entire population in his lumber camps and match factories. The mighty fall swiftly, sir.

The opening of our beautiful West Virginia spring brought other difficulties to our people of Eel River Landing. Eel River was rising at an alarming rate. Tony Beaver's big dam of watermelon seeds was causing the river to back up to new heights. Eel River Landing cellars were flooded, outlying farms were under several feet of water and cattle were drowning all over the region. Every man available was called into service for rescue and salvage work. First a little village, all intact, came sailing down

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the river, next a larger village arrived and then a town. Each, as it arrived, stopped at Beaver's dam and remained there.

The river continued to rise but the water did not go over the dam. Certain wise men of our town put their heads together and estimated the height of the dam and the water-level of the town. It became apparent at once that as soon as the water rose high enough to go over the dam it would carry the town with it. A posse was formed and sent out to arrest Tony Beaver on the charge of malicious mischief aforethought. The posse brought Tony down from his logging camp and the mischief he wrought was pointed out to him. He could either remove his dam or go to jail.

"Why, man, jes' as soon 's 'at water goes over your dam it'll take our town with it," said one of the Selectmen.

Tony cocked an eye at the dam and followed the line to where it met the shore. He saw that the Selectman was right.

"I always figured," said Tony, "that if I had the building of this town I'd a built it below the dam. Always best thing to have a town below a dam if it's a good strong dam like that one I built for you. Then the water can rise 's high as it's a mind to."

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They were all for arresting him right then and there. They would have, I'm quite sure, had it not been for the fact that our jail is in the basement of the Town Hall and that was flooded. They compromised by putting him to work building a levee in a last effort to save the town.

The next morning Tony went back to work piling sandbags towards making a levee. Seeing the Chief Selectman, he said:

"Do you really want to stop this flood?"

"We do. If it isn't stopped before it gets much higher our town will be wiped out. Yes, we want to stop it!"

"Call all hands!" bellowed Tony Beaver and men and women came from the hills and the homes and the factories. Then turning to the Chief Selectman, he said:

"Send the bigger boys to the warehouses and have them carry the big bags of goobers up along for about six miles. Send the women and gals with them. I'll take my men to the molasses refineries and roll the hogsheads up on the other side of the river."

"What are you aiming to do?" asked the Selectman.

"I'm going to build a new dam up at Hines's

HERE'S AUDACITY

Bend," answered Tony as he went over to meet his loggers.

So the women and boys and girls were set to dragging the bags of goobers up to Hines's Bend. On the other side of the river the strong lumberjacks were rolling the big hogsheads of maple syrup molasses up to the same point.

At eight o'clock that morning the first hogshead arrived and five minutes later the first boy arrived with his big bag of peanuts. Tony instructed the man with the hogshead how to set it in place, knock its head in and empty it into the raging river. Swimming across the swollen torrent he told the boy who had brought the peanuts to distribute them to the women and girls as they arrived. They were to shell the goobers and throw them into the stream, the bigger boys were to keep on toting the bags from the warehouses.

It was a beautiful sight, sir, to see the great line of women and children standing elbow to elbow, cracking the shells, extracting the succulent kernels and throwing them into the stream. Tony had Louis the Fiddler stand near them and play a fast step tune. Then he swam back to the other side. The men with the molasses were arriving at the rate of about five to the minute and the man stationed there was knock-

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ing in head after head and emptying the sweet contents into Eel River at the same speed. While everything was going as fast as humanly possible it was indeed a beautiful sight and a tribute to Tony Beaver's skill as an organizer and as a leader of men. By nine thirty the river was already showing signs of becoming a sluggish mass and Tony, giving thought to the matter, raced over to his cook-shack and returned bearing a salt shaker and vinegar cruet in either hand. These he emptied into the stream. The whole matter seemed to congeal and become a gooey taffy of yellowish material with little eyes of rich white bobbing about. At eleven the last peanut was shelled and six minutes later the last hogshead of molasses was emptied. The Chief Selectman, looking at the sticky slow moving mass, said to Tony:

"It doesn't look much like a dam to me, Tony Beaver."

At that moment the sun came out in its fullest, mid-day splendor. Believe me, sir, nowhere in this great land of ours does the sun shine with such glory and heat as in West Virginia. The sun poured down upon the slow moving current which was churned into a seething caldron as it swept pass the rocks. Here and there little stalagmites were seen to form, hold themselves upright for a moment and then topple over.

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By the time this strange stream passed the former site of one of the villages that now rested against our dam it was observed that some of it clung to the rocks that lined the bank. Then it began to move a bit more slowly and kept on decreasing its speed until it arrived at Eel River Landing. Just after high noon it arrived at the town and there the miracle, for I assure you, sir, it was nothing short of a miracle, occurred.

When the townspeople who had raced alongside the river trying to keep abreast of Tony's concoction arrived at their town they found a high wall of warm, yellowish brown that was studded all over with little white eyes. Instead of a flood robbing them of their homes as they had feared this curious temple had taken their river. The little children, delighted with something they could understand, played in and out the little halls and little entrances to tunnels that seemed to lead everywhere.

"Looks like another Beaver blunder to me," said a townsman as Tony passed.

"Look here, brother," said Tony with a tenderness that he used only on children, "your duly elected Chief Selectman told me he wanted the flood stopped regardless of cost. Your molasses and peanuts were valueless. I dumped them into the river to

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slow the raging torrent which threatened our fair town. The good West Virginia sun did the rest. Suppose you break off a chunk of that stuff and taste it."

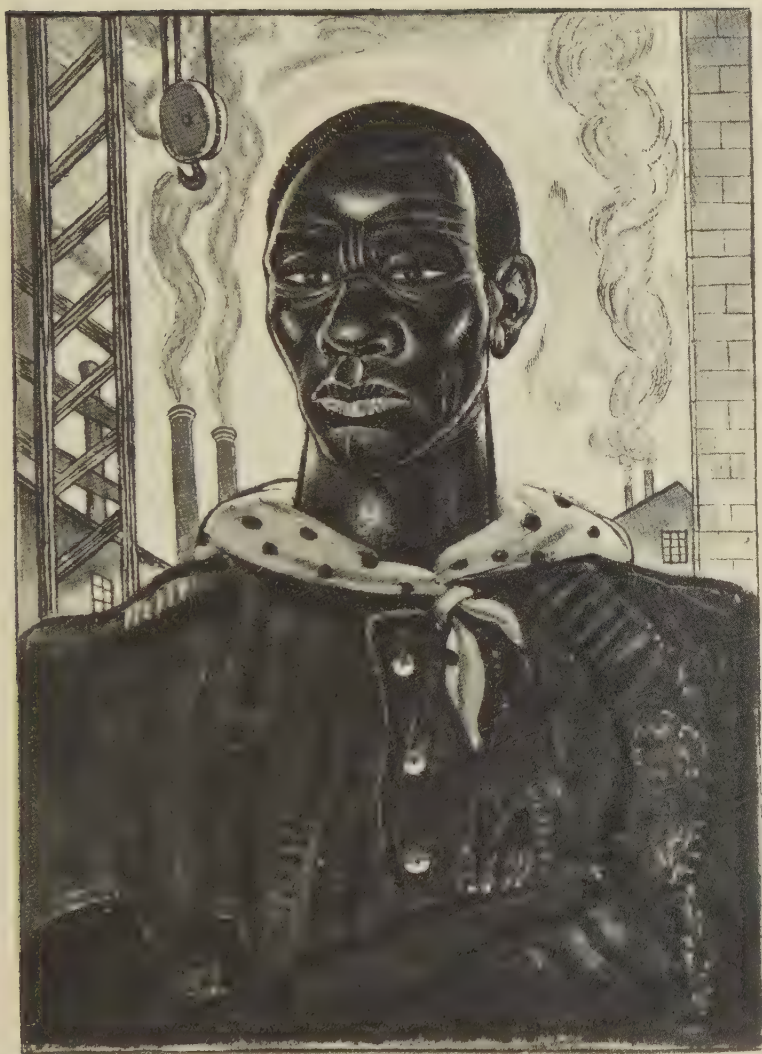
The small town critic made no move. Nor did anyone else. The stuff looked like positively nothing they had ever put into their mouths and they were not to be made fools of by that Beaver feller again. Suiting his action to his words Tony broke off a huge piece and began nibbling on it. He passed some to the children whose faith in their great man had not weakened.

"Not quite enough vinegar for some," he said. "But, on the whole, it's as good peanut brittle as ever I ate. Try a piece, Mr. Selectman."

And that is how Eel River Landing became the peanut brittle producing center of the world.

That was the Judge's story.

JOHN HENRY



JOHN HENRY—STEEL DRIVING MAN

JOHN HENRY

THE STEEL DRIVING MAN

JOHN HENRY, hunh? Suah, Cap'm, Ah knowed John Henry lak Ah knowed mah ol' pappy." The old colored man grinned as he looked up from his cheap mail-order banjo. The white tufts of hair over each ear seemed to coruscate in the East Virginia sun. "Folks done plumb forgot ol' John Henry, I reckon. He was a big man, a moughty big man an' Ah wukked with him for long yeahs. He was mah cap'm on the steel drivin' gang. Ah was his shaker; Ah hel' his steel drill in a pa'r of tongs and shook hit while he hammahed.

"Ah was with him on the Big Ben' Tunnel. But Ah'll tell yo' all 'bout John Henry." The old man scratched the wisp of hair over his right ear as if he were trying to recall to memory every detail of the life of the old captain. Settling his banjo in his lap he gazed off into the distance as if he were try-

HERE'S AUDACITY

ing to bring into immediate focus a long forgotten picture. Then he began to croon:

*Some say he came from England,
Some say he came from Spain.
Ain't no such thing; he was a' East Virginee man,
An' he died with his hammah in his han',
He died with his hammah in his han'.*

"Dat was afore de war. He was bo'n in a slave cabin jes' lak me. Ah use' to heah his pappy sing to him:

Son, yo're gonna be a steel drivin' man.

"Ah c'n remember when we used to sing:

*John Henry was a little baby,
Sittin' on his pappy's knee.
Said 'Big Ben Tunnel on C & O Road
Gonna be the end o' me,
Gonna be the end o' me!'*

"After de war an' Cunnel Ryder was dead we-all got jobs toting stones on road wuk. John Henry he got biggah an' biggah ontill he was the bigges' nigger in Virginee. He could get a job anywhere. Time on time I seed him lift a stone dat 'ud take fo'h men to lift and tote it to whare his cap'm wanted it. I

JOHN HENRY

was jes' a pore scrawny nigger an' only got wu'k becus John wouldn't wu'k w'thout me."

The two colored youths went about the country side exchanging their strength for food and shelter. In 1870 in an effort to restore the lost fortunes of the southern states the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad began a spur through West Virginia. When the surveyors arrived at Cruzee Mountain they found they would have to tunnel. Great gangs of Negroes were employed as laborers and put to work with picks and shovels. John Henry was among these workers and at once distinguished himself as an excellent workman. So fast was he with his twelve pound hammer that he was known to wear out two handles in one shift and he must always have a boy with a pail of cold water standing by so that he could keep his hammer cool.

It was a time when America's inventive minds were beginning to establish themselves and a salesman brought John Henry's captain a steam driven drill. In an effort to sell a large quantity of the new tool the salesman offered a demonstration. The captain assured the salesman that it would be unnecessary to go to that trouble. His men were fast workers and he had one who could beat any steam driven drill that might be invented. The salesman scoffed

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and offered to wager his drill that it could beat any human worker.

"De Cap'm didn' wan' er hav' any truck wid the steam drivin' man an' he says so. But the man kep' arguin' an' arguin' and de cap'm kep' cussin' an' he was sho' some cusser. At de las' de cap'm take de bet. Nex' day John Henry an' me repoats to de cap'm.

*Cap'm he says to John Henry
'Gonna bring me a steam drill round,
Take the steam drill out on the job.
Gonna drive dat steel on down,
Gonna drive dat steel on down.'*

*John Henry tol' his cap'm,
Dat man aint nuthin' but a man,
An' befo' he'd let dat steam drill run him down,
He'd die wid his hammah in his han',
He'd die wid his hammah in his han'.*

*John Henry said to his cap'm,
'Send me a twelve pound hammah 'round,
Twelve poun' hammah wid a fo' foot handle,
An' I beat yo' steam drill down.
An' I beat yo' steam drill down.'*

"Well, suh, de cap'm takes us-all ovah to a new cut and shows us dat steam drill all set up an' a-ready

JOHN HENRY

foh wu'k. John Henry picks out a spot neah-by an' Ah starts to tampin' de drill in. When all was ready de cap'm giv' de sign and John starts off. He gets inter action and wukking nicely, shouldahs swingin', hammah beatin' time to his ol' heart. Off to one side yo' coul' hear dat steam drivin' hammah mekking a lot ob noise an' goin' 'bout twice as fast as John Henry.

"De cap'm looks at John Henry and den he says somepin nasty, cussin lak only a drivin' cap'm coul' cuss. John di'n' pay no 'tenshun to the cap'm but he looks down at me wheah I'se crouched and shakin' his drill.

*John Henry he says to me,
'Niggah, why don' you sing?
Ah'm th'owin' twelve poun' right from my hips
down,
Jes' lissen to de col' steel ring,
Jes' lissen to de col' steel ring!"*

"Den he says to me, 'Ah'm jes' a little stiff in de jints. Quick as Ah gits to sweatin' Ah'm awright.' An' Ah began to sing:

*John Henry was a steel drivin' man,
Ca'd his hammah all de time,*

HERE'S AUDACITY

*An' befo' he'd let dat steam drill beat him down,
Die wid de hammer in his han',
Die wid de hammah in his han'.*

"Den de stiffness seem' to leave John an' he 'gins to sweat. His hammah pick up a beat er two and he gets down to wuk. The sweat began running down his bare back mekking it all shiny an' he gets goin' a bit better. Bimeby he kotch up wid the steam hammah an' he calls to his water boy to th'ow the water ovah him but he never stops his hammah. Now de cap'm was ovah near a-cheerin' instead o' cussin'. W'en John hears the cap'm cheerin' he speeds up and foh an hour he just kep' a'goin' faster'n dat ol' steam drill. He kep' et up until the whistle blow' and then he laid down his hammah :

*John Henry went to de mounti'ns,
Beat dat steam drill down.
Rock was high, po' John was low.
Well, he laid down his hammah an' he died,
Laid down his hammah an' he died.*

*John Henry hammahed in de mounti'ns,
De mounti'ns was so high.
De las' words Ah hear' the po' boy say:
'Gimme a cool drink of watah 'fo' Ah die,
A cool drink of watah 'fo' Ah die!*

JOHN HENRY

"John Henry beat dat ol' steam drill an' beat it bad. His ol' cap'm collect' dat bet an' got a steam drill free. Dat kinda made up fo' de loss of old John but:

*John Henry had a little girl,
Her name was Polly Ann.
An' de day John Henry drap daid,
She drove wid his hammah lak a man,
Drove wid his hammah lak a man."*

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